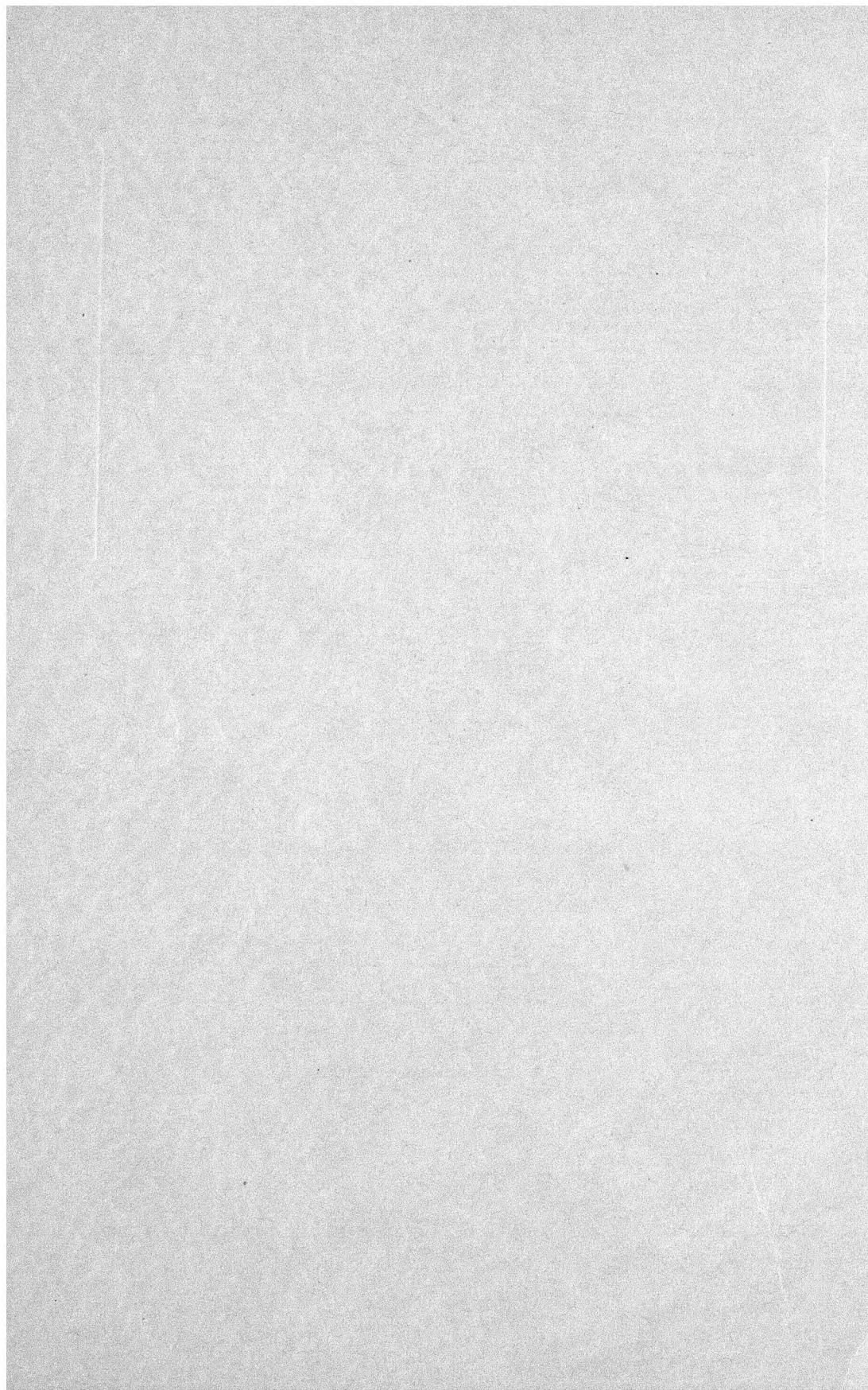


THE HARVEST OF FRIENDSHIP

Compiled and Edited by
GEORGE N. LUXTON



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GEORGE N. LUXTON

Rector of Christ Church, Calgary.

Hon. Director of the Christ Church Broadcasts
over CFAC

"The Calgary Herald."



THE VESPER HOUR

A Weekly Ministry of Music since December, 1930.

THE SUNSHINE HOUR

Biweekly broadcasts of music with messages for shut-ins.

Since September, 1931.

THE QUIET SANCTUARY

Weekday Morning Devotions since October, 1932.

To
My Fellow Workers,
imaginative and adventurous
pioneers
who know the thrill of a fresh trail
and
the pure joy of helpfulness.



Christ Church Rectory, Calgary. April 15, 1933

Dear Friends —

Usually when I send you a message, I am confined of necessity to a certain number of minutes on the air. Here it is a matter of square inches — twenty-five of them, no more! Let us then pack my allotment to the very brim.

Three thoughts are uppermost in my mind, a deep regret, an enthusiastic appreciation and an anxious appeal. My regret turns on the fact that I am very sorry to leave you. When you read this, I will be two thousand miles eastward in the midst of a ministry, which will challenge every particle of ability I have, and then, like Oliver Twist, ask for more. You will understand why it attracts me, yet I assure you I break my ties to the west very sadly. The west, which means you, will always have a place in my heart. Will you reciprocate and, in these testing days ahead of me, uphold me in your prayers? Some of you have already offered to do so, and I earnestly ask it as a parting boon from the west.

There have been so many contributions to our work, no two the same, each necessary to the harmony of the task. Again I thank you for them. Behind each, I have felt the presence of the giver. Doubtless that has been one of the outstanding factors in the success you have made of our work. My appeal? Carry on! Let us lose not one inch of ground. After examining this little book with its record of friendly service, turn to yourself and say, "What can I do to develop, enrich and perpetuate this good work?" And keep on asking, until there's an active definite, consecrated answer. God bless you and keep you throughout the years

George A. Luxton

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Another Year of Radio Friendship

The turn of a switch is such a simple thing, so easily accomplished and yet sometimes, it is an act of great significance. This morning I turned such a one. After concluding the last "Quiet Sanctuary" of the season I waited for a moment until my friend on the top of the Southam Building got his controls completely swung over from our line, and then I snapped the button that disconnects our amplifier at the Church. The power was gone, the microphone became suddenly a dead thing, and I was left alone in the Church, — whereas the moment previous I had been in the midst of thousands of homes within a radius of two and three hundred miles of Calgary. You can easily imagine the sense of loneliness the snap of that switch called forth within me. And next week twice again it will turn in sharp finality on the Sunshine Hour and the Vesper Hour. Not for a moment do I imagine that an electric switch can end the course of these three years of air-ministry. I confidently look forward to next fall when your old friends will pull your latch-strings again and enter upon a new season of homely service. That I shall not be with you is but an incident in the swiftly moving stream of life. Whoever takes up this fascinating piece of work will soon make the field his own, and you will grant him a place by your fireside with that same cordiality which has warmed my heart during our years of friendship. Yet I cannot retire from this radio adventure—for adventure it has been from start to finish—without letting you see very clearly how much you have come to mean to me, and how sad I am in the turning of the switch.

At first the air was a doubtful blank to me, and rather a skeptical and critical one at that. Then as months passed and we came to know each other better, and as we all got our "air-legs" (that reads doubtfully but surely it is as correct as sea-legs!) at our end of the broadcasts and could operate without having high-tension in our mind and larynx, as well as in the wires, the air became a kindlier and more responsive receiver of our work. Your letters showed us that we had many friends who regularly prepared for our comings and goings. Your steady co-operation in our projects assured us of your sympathy. Consequently the original "mental hazard" faded out of the picture and the air became a very friendly prospect, and the microphone lost its disapproving austerity.

But now, down to business. Let me set before you the Harvest of a year's friendship. In last year's volume, I wrote of the beginning of our venture, and carried on the story until the spring of 1932. After the summer recess, our two old-timers, the Vesper and Sunshine Hours, reappeared on the notice boards again. And with them a very meek and rather shy infant broadcast, with a big name and a simple purpose. "The Quiet Sanctuary" it was christened, a few minutes of morning devotion at the start of the day's work. It was announced for 8.45 a.m., five mornings of the week, omitting the Parson's Sabbath, Monday! Since last October this frail youngster of the air has grown considerably. In fact, many of you, in asking for the continuance of the broadcasts, have added "particularly The Quiet Sanctuary." It did cheer me to read those words; it was as if you had said something kindly about our real, flesh and blood baby. Together, on this morning broadcast, we have read practically all of the Gospel of St. Luke, and the readings on the portion for the day have been very helpful. Most of them I have chosen from J. M. E. Ross' "St. Luke" in the Devotional Commentary (3 vols.), although I have dipped freely into other books from time to time. The prayers which have concluded the broadcasts have been drawn from twenty or more devotional books, too numerous to list. So many have remarked on the benediction which gradually superseded all others as the closing words of the broadcast: "May the blessing of the Heavenly Father rest upon you, your loved ones, your homes and your work done in His name; may He give you of His gifts of Grace; Courage, Gaiety and the Quiet Mind, this day and evermore, Amen." You have heard it so often that I need hardly record it. Some correspondents placed a question mark after the word gaiety, yet still I cling to it and find myself very stubborn before any arguments against its use. I believe that God does send such a gift of grace to every seeking soul, and that the normal Christian is a gay person—not a clown or a "funny person," but a buoyant pilgrim with a source of joy and brightness unknown to Mr. Worldly Wiseman.

The Quiet Sanctuary has been a happy corner of our ministry. I pray that it has in part at least achieved its high intention, repeated so often in the introductory words, a few minutes of morning devotions "to set the tone for the day's thought and work,"

or as I have latterly amended it, "to turn our faces toward the Light."

The Mission of Friendship is worth many pages of enthusiastic record. Last fall the feeling came to me that there should be a practical outlet for our Sunshine Club; that we should not be satisfied with the selfish betterment of our own lives. On the membership card I had placed the rule of intercession, knowing that if it were carried out, not only would it release power for those for whom we plead, but also I was certain that helpful hands would follow helpful prayers. And they have, in many places, up and down the country. In Calgary, however, more might be accomplished if we worked together, adopting definite plans of action and pooling our resources. We did! And the outcome has taught me what a half-hearted optimist I was—at least in this matter. I had imagined that we might gather together a dozen people and do a quiet, hole-in-a-corner piece of work, laudable and worth-while, but severely circumscribed through lack of funds and, possibly, scarcity of workers. But after my first announcement calling for volunteers left the Church by way of the roof, things began to happen. And never since have they ceased happening. Over fifty volunteers have joined the ranks of the Mission of Friendship. Let me mention especially two who have borne both the heat and burden of the day from the very first, Mrs. Gerald Montgomery, who became our first secretary and "general manager," and Mrs. Boehmer, who has given unstintingly of her time, convening several departments of our work. Once started, I was able to do the disappearing act and leave the Mission entirely in their hands. One hundred and thirty-four shut-ins and sick folk have been on our lists; eight hundred and ninety-five boxes of dainties have been taken to them together with uncountable magazines. All the local hospitals and institutions have been combed for friendless and out-of-town patients. The whole project has turned into a conspiracy of good friendship and encouragement. I cannot say anything too appreciative about the work of the Active Helpers of the Mission. Together with the Silent Partners, who have aided us in a dozen different ways, they deserve a large portion of praise, and I know for a fact that they draw huge dividends of blessing from their investment of neighbourliness.

The Clothing Committee is, to say the very least, worthy of a paragraph. To a city social service committee it was remarked that many pre-school age children were badly in need of warm garments. I passed on the statement to our group, and again things began to happen, and almost before you could say "Jack Robinson," scissors were snipping and needles flying. To date ninety-three children have been assisted and the number of garments given out must reach into the five or six hundreds. The ingenuity displayed by our make-over department has been simply staggering to a mere man whose ideas of accommodation were limited to the traditional action of snipping off the end of father's trousers to make "Willie" a pair of hand-me-downs!

In this record of a year's work I am afraid I have found it difficult to preserve the calm dignity of tone that befits printer's ink. If you have read thus far without recognizing enthusiasm and delight, then there is little I can say in these concluding lines to stir your imagination or ensnare your approbation for our projects of the year. If seeing is necessary to your believing, our headquarters room in the Southam Building is open each Wednesday and Thursday for your inspection. I am concerned that you should share my enthusiasm, for upon your shoulders rests the future. The work needs you in many ways and, thinking of the average person, I can add that you too need the work. Whether it be done with us or in some place far distant from Calgary, the harvest which you will reap in the great field of neighbouring will sustain and refresh you over many a rough and weary mile of your own.

Now, after reviewing the year as it appears from a vantage point this side of the microphone, and from within the ranks of our Friendship workers, we turn the pages of our publication to the recording of that part of our work best known to you—the broadcasts themselves. We harvest a part of that splendid crop of Sunshine addresses and present to you a few representative sheaves, and, in the final section, you will recognize poems from "The Sunshine Corner," many of them your gifts to me. Now we return them to you, along with others garnered from many sources, so that they may remain with you and near you in a permanent form.

G. N. L.

THE GENTLE VOICE

"I would say to all: use your gentlest voice at home. Watch it day by day, as a pearl of great price; for it will be worth to you in days to come more than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is joy, like a lark's song, to a hearth at home. It is a light that sings as well as shines. Train it to sweet tones now, and it will keep in tune through life."

—Elihu Burritt.

Richer Than We Thought

By The REV. J. E. TODD

What wonderful gems there are in the Bible! Here is one, "Wisdom is before him that hath understanding, but the eyes of a fool are in the ends of the earth." The words of an old hymn convey the same thought:

"Work for the good that is nighest,
Dream not of greatness afar,
That glory is ever the highest
Which shines upon men as they are."

That is, say the wise men, "You do not have to go to the ends of the earth to find the greatest and most desirable things of life—they are to be found right at home." The foolish man is ever scanning the horizon—his eyes are in the ends of the earth—for his lot in life is the hardest: "If he were only like someone else—oh, foolish man!"

When I was a lad on the farm the turnips in my row always seemed to have so many more weeds than my brother's row had. The mustard on my land was thicker; the strawberries on my row were fewer and smaller than on the other rows. How many punctures my bicycle got when riding on a country road because the other track looked smoother, and so I crossed over. Oh, foolish lad, with eyes in the ends of the earth!

There are some things so needful that God has set them right at our own door. I wonder if we have been overlooking them?

* * *

1. Our work: Do we always see that in a clear way? Distant pastures look green, and so some are never happy in their own home, their own church or at their own work. Duty is a royal word, and we shall never find contentment by running away from duty. Have you noticed how that word "first" rings through the Gospel story? First get the beam out of your eye—most find it more congenial to get the mote out of their brother's eye. First become reconciled to thy brother; most of us would prefer to come and worship rather than get the tangle straightened out with our brother. First gird thyself and serve. First the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and we think our first duty is to become rich in

things. And in the Master's "firsts" we can see our highest and best to be found not in a far-away ideal condition, but in our ordinary way of living day after day.

2. And, too, our happiness is to be found not in the ends of the earth, but close to our daily living. So many are like the lad who saw the golden windows in the house across the valley, but there were none in his home. After toiling all day across the valley imagine his surprise as he glanced across at his own home to see in the last rays of the setting sun that his own windows were really golden. Ah, men and women, there are the golden windows in each one of our homes, if we only had eyes to see. You see happiness is right before him who has understanding, but the eyes of a fool are in the ends of the earth.

* * *

3. Best of all we do not need to seek in far places to find God. People make long journeys—they are still making pilgrimages at great inconvenience to find God, and if Jesus had a message for us at all, it was that God is not afar off but rather, "Earth's crammed with Heaven and every common bush aflame with God." You remember the three men who were cast into the fiery furnace? The people on the outside saw four men quite distinctly, and one they said was God. But apparently the three men did not know anyone was with them.

May I say to you who are going through some trouble, that there likely will be times when you are not conscious of God's presence, but never forget the fact that He is there. Even the Christ on the Cross cried out that He was forsaken, but the consensus of men is that if God ever was anywhere He was there at that time reconciling the world unto Himself.

Duty and happiness are needed for daily living, and so God has set them for us close at hand. And since there is another need of men—men who are discouraged or who have lost hope—Christ says, "If any man open the door I will come in." God is as near as that to every last one of us.

RETROSPECT

"In looking back over our lives, we often see that what seemed at the time the worst hours and the most hopeless in their wretchedness were in reality the best of all. They developed powers within us that had heretofore slept; developed energies of which we had never dreamed."

—James Freeman Clarke.



A GROUP OF SUNSHINE HOUR SPEAKERS (For names see page 25)

Stones of Remembrance

By The REV. JAMES McNEILL

There is a striking incident in the first book of Samuel illustrating how the prophet of the Lord used memory to quicken the faith and inspire the hearts of his people with courage. The Israelites had won a most unexpected victory over their inveterate enemies, the Philistines. The hand of God was so clearly apparent in their triumph that it could only be regarded as a victory of God for the people. To commemorate the victory, Samuel took a great stone and set it up between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Eben-ezer, which means, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." The setting up of this memorial of victory was an inspired thought. Its significance would increase in value with the passing of time. No Israelite would ever be able to look upon that stone and fail to recall the part that God had played in one of the most critical hours of his people's history. The stone would ever remain a visible witness to the utter dependability of Jehovah. It would stand there, a lasting monument to the faithfulness of God. People, looking upon it, would meditate on its name — "Eben-ezer." In times of perplexity and discouragement, they would recall the meaning of that name—"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us"—and take heart and go on. This Stone of Remembrance which Samuel set up would nerve the souls of the defeated with deeper faith and indomitable courage; inspire them with renewed confidence; strengthen them with hope and determination. The God who helped them in days ago will help them now. "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." With this thought uppermost in their hearts, the Israelites would go on to greater achievements.

* * *

There are Stones of Remembrance in every life. Most of us have come to places in our tortuous journey where, if it had not been for God, if it had not been for the help that came from above, if it had not been for the breaking-in upon us of the unexpected, we might have gone down to despair. Indelibly marked here and there along life's winding way, there are scenes and events and experiences which will never be forgotten by us. Looking back upon those experiences from the vantage-ground of the present, we can write across many of them the simple word, "Eben-ezer—hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

Past experiences of deliverance have a vital purpose to serve in our present outlook and attitude. Life for many of us is a very grim affair indeed. Never in the history of the present generation have there been so many temptations to succumb to anxiety and despair. Worry and fear, arch-enemies of our peace, are working upon our hearts as they have never worked before. Life is not easy. The pressure of adversity is intense. Multitudes are carrying a secret dread in their hearts. The spectre of doubt is hovering over many a soul. Many are finding it more difficult than ever to believe that God is interested in the souls of men. The way of life is tangled and blocked and broken. There are so many things to make us sad, to bring the tears to the eyes, to make us feel desolate. And the supreme question is this: How ought we to comport ourselves in the midst of such grim circumstances? Where can we look for security? Is there an impregnable rock to which we can anchor our storm-tossed lives? There is one which has never been known to fail. It is called "Eben-ezer." It is the living memory that "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." Jesus Himself went back to that rock many a time when He was sore beset. When circumstances seemed like crushing Him, He did not sit down and grieve over the fact; He did not brood over adversity; He never gave fear an opportunity of fastening its claws upon His heart. On the contrary, He went back to some Stone of Remembrance, and always He found courage and inspiration and renewed strength there.

* * *

If life is hurting you today, if you are oppressed by fear, if you are hard beset, turn back the pages of your yesterdays until you come to that place where God once impinged on your life and wrought a mighty deliverance. You cannot forget that experience. You never will forget it. It is something that time can never efface. Get back there; and the memory of God's past dealings with your soul will take the bitterness out of the cup that is being held to your lips now. Stand reverently beside the memorials of your deliverances; look upon the Eben-ezers you have raised, and your present fear and problems will become much less complex; for the God of past deliverances is the God of present help—"The same yesterday, and today, and for ever."

A Vision of God

By The REV. GEORGE BIDDLE

"A Vision of God! That is above all else the need of the world, and more particularly of our generation." With those words, the late Bishop of Winchester opens the sermon he has chosen to include in a volume issued under the arresting title, "If I had only One Sermon to Preach." He asks a pertinent question, "How can we realize God? For one thing," he says, "we can think. That seems obvious, so obvious as to be hardly worth saying, but how many of us devote even five minutes a day to deliberately thinking about God, with or without the Bible open before us?" From this point he develops the thought that if we seriously and sincerely look around for manifestations of God in nature, man, and the ministries of the Church, we shall find Him. "The Vision is there. In the universe, in nature, in those lives and characters in which we catch a glance of the supernatural, and supremely in Jesus our Lord. And the Vision is within the reach of all of us if with a humble, lowly and obedient heart we draw near." He concludes, "Be on the outlook for God in your life. We move every hour in the midst of what is utterly practical, completely common, thoroughly pedestrian. Yet it is there that the curtain is drawn back and God comes into the open."

So says the Bishop. Yet I find that it is precisely there, in the common things of life, that the great struggle for vision goes on. As I visit a bed-ridden, pain-racked and solitary watcher of the night, I can't help being struck with the agony of the unspoken question, "Can you tell me what it's all about? Why must I suffer in this way? With all my heart I believe that God is, but I can't realize Him." Or again I go into a home where the bread-winner has lost his job. A plucky little wife is making five cents go farther than a dollar ever went before; she keeps the children happy, and is constantly boosting the courage of her husband. Yet behind the eyes' vision is the look of wonderment and fear. There again one hears the unspoken question, "Sir, I would see Jesus; tell me where I may find Him?" It may be that one enters a house where the bolt of tragedy or sin has just struck with terrible force, and one yearns to bring in the sunshine of God's Presence, but the dull ache of the heart bars out everything.

Yes, that, I think, is the problem—how to become aware of God in the everyday affairs of life. It is the question of Zophar in the

book of Job, "Cans't thou by searching find out God?" When we ponder nature we may feel the thrill of its aliveness, and we can be assured that the whole world vibrates with the life of God. But, if I am in pain, sorrow, despair, it's not much comfort to me just to know that there is a Great Impersonal Cosmic Presence everywhere around me. My heart cries out for something more than that. I want comfort, love, sympathy. I want one who knows and feels. And may I say that it is just here that the followers of Christ know more about the God of Nature than the mere nature worshippers do. The Christian knows the God of the Universe as "Father." The Christian knows what the God of the Universe, who fills all things, is like, because he knows Jesus. He knows, then, that the God of the Universe is altogether Lovely, Sympathetic, Compassionate, because He is like Jesus, and Jesus came for that express purpose—to show us the Father.

Now we're getting down to realities. God is like Jesus. "Yes," says my pain-racked, bed-ridden soul, "I can accept that. Now tell me, is there any way by which I can gain the realization of His abiding Presence?" And very humbly I point him to something that has made all the difference to me. It is the old familiar parable of the vine in the 15th Chap. of St. John's Gospel. "I am the Vine," said the Lord Jesus, "ye are the branches." Now I have been told, and I like to think of it in this way, that the vine of Palestine is all branches. There is no trunk. That makes the parable all the more wonderful. If the whole thing is branches, where is the vine? It is the sum total of the branches, the roots of which is Christ. The thing is more than a union. The branch is not tied to the vine; it is inseparably connected with it, making a wholeness or a oneness. And that, said Jesus, is our relationship to Him and to the Father.

Brethren, I fully believe that the ailments of the world today are the result of a sense of separation from God when, in reality, there is none. The only separation is a mental one when we deliberately shut off our minds and will from contemplating this great truth. This is precisely where we differ from an ordinary branch of an ordinary tree. We are branches of the Mystical Vine and we have the power to consciously abide in the Vine or to make a kind of separation from it. Have you ever seen a branch of a

(Please turn to page 25)



Richard Seaborn, violinist of the Vesper Hour, 1932-1933.

Mercy Shall Follow

By The REV. R. H. WILLIAMS

There is a mercy which goes before us, and there is a mercy which follows us. The one is the clearing of our own path; the other is a clearing of a path for our brother man. There is an expression to this effect, "may your path be strewn with flowers." That may mean one or other of two things. It may be the wish that you may be called to tread a flowery way, or it may be the wish that when you tread the thorny way you may leave flowers where you have passed. The latter is the aspiration of the Psalmist in his great Shepherd Psalm, and it is the nobler aspiration. "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me." It is an aspiration which can only come from a "restored soul." Any man can desire to be cradled in green pastures and be led by quiet waters. But to desire that my life may make the pastures green, to desire that my life may make the waters quiet—that is a Divine prayer, a Christlike prayer. There is a prosperity for which every good man is bound to pray. It is finely expressed, I think, in a line of Tennyson's "Maud"—"Her feet have touched the meadows, and have left the daises rosy."

The daises were not rosy in advance; they became rosy by the feet touching them. It was the footsteps themselves that exerted a transforming power; they created a flowery path for future travellers; goodness and mercy followed them.

That is the thought I wish you to cherish. If you follow Christ, goodness and mercy will follow you.

Have you been looking to the roses that lie before you—to the flowers that others have spread for you? But are you going to leave no flowers behind you? Are you not going to leave some footprints on the sands of time which may cheer the heart of some shipwrecked brother or sister? The blessed life is the life that bequeaths blessing. There

are those whose angel goes before them to prepare their way; and truly their comfort should be deep. But I think the richest consolation is reserved for those whose angel shall follow them—whose feet shall prepare the way for coming generations. Many a life is pronounced by man unfortunate which by God is pronounced prosperous. We looked at the bleeding hands which plucked the thorns; we say, "It is the record of a sad life." But God's eye rests on the thorns that are plucked, on the pain which the bleeding hands have made impossible for others; and His verdict is, "A life of great prosperity." Would you like that verdict? Would you like the future traveller to say, "This path is thornless because that man, that woman, passed through the briars?" Would you like a monument to be raised, not to the thorns you have escaped, but to the thorns you have cleared away? Then, take Jesus seriously, and follow Him faithfully, and goodness and mercy will follow you.

Will you take up tenderly the withered flower, plant again the fallen tree, bind the heart that has been wounded, raise the soul that has been bruised, give a chance to the sinner, find a fresh start for the children of a corrupt heredity, proclaim a new year in which the darkest life may begin once more? If you will do this, then you have understood the Christ, and in the doing of this you will get to understand Him better, and "goodness and mercy will follow you. Cherish this thought—

"If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain."

HOSPITALITY

"I pray you, O excellent wife, not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman who has alighted at our gate, nor a bed-chamber made ready at too great a cost. These things they can get for a dollar at any village. But let this stranger, if he will, in your looks, in your accent, and behaviour, read your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, which he cannot buy at any price in any village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles and dine sparsely and sleep hard in order to behold. Certainly, let the board be spread and let the bed be dressed for the traveler; but let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in these things. Honor to the house where they are simple to the verge of hardship, so that there the intellect is awake and reads the laws of the Universe."

—Emerson.

Beauty For Ashes

By The REV. W. HOLLINGSWORTH

Some time ago I saw a very interesting pair of pictures shown in an illustrated lecture on "Farm Homes Made Beautiful." The speaker was presenting pictures in pairs something like the way in which the old-fashioned patent medicine advertisement used to show a picture of the patient before and after taking the remedy. Well, in this case, the first picture was that of an old-style farm yard. There it was, so familiar with its half-broken and rusty machinery, a number of old chicken-coops strewn among the patches of weeds, a bale or two of barbed wire, a rough heap of lumber, and the customary woodpile. The lecturer told us this story, that a little time before he had shown these pictures in a small town, and in the front seats of the hall were two elderly farm women, evidently just in for the occasion. They looked tired, and showed in their faces lines that revealed years of struggle and strain. When this picture came on the screen there was a silence for a moment in which could be heard the whispered comment of one of the women to her friend, "My, ain't that natural!" I fancy I can hear you chuckling at the story, and then, perhaps, saying to yourself, "Ah, but isn't that true to life!" Surely that woman had desired better conditions; hoped all through her young womanhood for a nice home, well-arranged yards and outbuildings—and here she is, an elderly woman, without having seen her promise.

An then it was that my mind went to one who long ago dreamed in his own way, and for his people, just what this woman had hoped. He believed that God meant better and more beautiful things for us all. "God has sent me with good news," he said; "news to people who are weary and broken-hearted and enslaved. Sent me to tell you that your dreams are not delusions. That God shall yet give us beauty for ashes; joy for mourning; the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." When I re-read it I said just what you have said, "Can this be true? Can it be done? Has it ever been done?" I felt that if it ever had been done perhaps it might be done again. If even for one, life has been redeemed from its evil, waste places made to bloom, graciousness and beauty taken the place of harshness and hate, then this too may come for us.

Beauty for ashes. Ashes are such unlovely things! Even to our western world they generally symbolize waste and discom-

fort. But to an Eastern of Bible times they were a sign of deep sorrow. When stricken by affliction they would scatter ashes in the air and let them fall upon their heads. This writer says: "Instead of ashes upon your heads you shall wear crowns or garlands of flowers, you shall have 'Beauty for ashes'." Is it reasonable to go on hoping that such things can come to pass for us? Is it sensible in a world like this to expect any such happiness? Is it just a silly dream to think that beauty and goodness and God can be found in lives such as ours?

We all ache for it. Even when we let ourselves despair, that is only a more acute form of the ache. We love beauty and goodness, and we do not love ashes! Dare we look for the unlovely to become beautiful?

Yes, my faith is that such things can come to pass, and even for us! Not only that ultimately every winter shall turn to spring; but that even in the winter of our discontent, when days drag on and on, there are many ways in which the Grace of God ministers to our spirits and provides along the way encouragement and cheer. Just a few days ago I saw in the room of one of our "shut-ins" a little bowl of gloriously blooming narcissus flowers, just growing from a heap of stones and a little water—not merely a promise of the Spring to come, but a ministry of beauty and blessing for today. I wonder if we look for the ministry that is near? For the little things we could use to beautify life and brighten the days for ourselves and others? I am sure the poet is right that we "never know the beauty 'round the bend," but it is equally true that we rarely know the possibilities of beauty and graciousness that are even now within our reach.

Let us be on the side of beauty! Our hearts are hungry for it. Let us dare to reaffirm it about ourselves. It is not a final truth that "Life can never be the same again." We talk about our disillusionments as though they were the last words of wisdom. But they are only half of our possible experiences. We did not exhaust life and God in that one tragedy or that one mistake. Let us awaken to life still more fully. Look around and within. The wilderness and the desert are not final for you. Believe better things than ever for your life, and your very faith will enable you to discover a garden—beauty instead of ashes. "The best is yet to be, for which the first was made—trust God nor be afraid."

How to be Happy

By The VEN. ARCHDEACON C. SWANSON

A very famous French Bishop, Dupanloup, in giving some lectures on preaching to his students, said that the first step in preparation of a sermon or address was that one should put oneself in the presence of his audience. Some who are listening to this address are aged, some sick, some shut in by household cares—all busy people, bound on the Wheel of Life in one way or another. What, then, should be a Sunshine Message to them? "How to be Happy!"

Believe in God! Listen to St. Paul—"I am persuaded, neither death nor life—nor any other created thing shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Ah! you may say, that's all very well for you—young, vigorous and without my problem. But suppose you were a hopeless invalid, or had the care of one, or were shut in by innumerable household cares—you wouldn't talk so easily! All of which may, of course, be true, but somehow I don't think so.

Because when I say believe in God, I mean rest in God. In other words, believe not in a merely intellectual way, but in a real and practical way. But how shall we rest in God? Think first of all of what you are—a spiritual, intelligent, spirit, expressing yourself through the medium of a body. You can think, and will, and do. To rest in God must mean the use of all these elements of personality.

First, then—**THINK.**

God is **Spirit**—

"Speak to Him thou, for He heareth,
And spirit with spirit can meet,
Closer than breathing,
Nearer than hands or feet."

God is **Love**—The ways of God are the ways of Love. Happiness comes only to those who put themselves in these ways.

"God is Love," is universal: "God loves you," in particular. Parent love is universal. Your love for your children is your particular application of that universal law. Believe, then, that God loves you.

God is **Life**—Who of us does not respond to the mystery of Life when it is revealed in

the beauty of Spring or the loveliness of a Garden, or the gorgeous coloring of autumn leaves, or as we gaze at the marvel of a sunset, or stand in reverence beneath the stars of a Winter night? He must be dead indeed who does not feel that "the Heavens reveal the glory of God."

And God is **Life**, not only on the large scale of nature, but God is the ground of all life, human and spiritual. In this sense He is truly "Father of Spirits," and in Him we live and move and have our being.

Second—**WILL.**

How can you will yourself to rest in God? How can you will yourself to drive through a great city, teeming with traffic? Only by surrender to traffic laws. So with God. Your will is yours to surrender to Him. In your surrender to God will come the rest and the repose that you desire.

Third, **DO.**

What can we do to rest in God? Doing is the strong point of most of us. What can we do?

We'll get by ourselves, somehow. There was the woman who just threw her apron over her head in the kitchen. Get in a room by yourself, or in a garden, or stroll slowly down the street. Somehow get away from others, shut the door on the outside world.

Put all thoughts out of your mind by a conscious effort, except the thought of God, His presence, His love, His interest in your life. Say to yourself, "I am in the presence of God. He is here. His love is all about me. My life is His life, and His is mine. My problems are His and His are the solutions."

Then read the 23rd Psalm, out loud; or the 4th chapter of 1 John; or the 14th of St. John. Finally, say, "Lord, I am Thine, utterly and without reserve. Forgive what I have been, and order what I shall be." Then, rest quietly. The pain will go; the ache of grief will be assuaged; the tightening of the brain be unstrung; duty become a joy, and all life a song, and you will say, "I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine. Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift."

THE NEED OF THE WORLD

"Christianity wants nothing so much in the world as sunny people, and the old are hungrier for love than for bread. The Oil of Joy is very cheap, and if you can help the poor with a Garment of Praise, it will be better for them than blankets."

—Drummond.

The Bonds of Life

"Remember My Bonds" (Col. 4:18)

By The REV. THOS. T. FAICHNEY

To every man and woman there comes with the years of maturity and of growing experience a sense of the limitations of life: We are like Alexander the Great who "wept because there were no more worlds to conquer"; or like Shelley in the "Ode to the West Wind", as he cries,

"A heavy weight of hours—
Has chained and bound one, too, like
Thee,
Tameless and swift and proud!"

In early youth we started life with a great faith in the world of people and our own achievement. But for the most part, even like Him, who, "came to His own and His own received Him not", we have found the world and people unresponsive. We have found ourselves limited.

As in the business of living, so also in the art of living we find we are limited. It may be by lack of money, it may be ill-health, but in some way life is lived under limitations—we are bound!

Now first of all, are we sure our "bonds" may not be "bands"—i.e., bonds that bind and not elastic bands that may be stretched.

Paul had experience with both. His Jewish upbringing and education had been bonds to bind him to the Jewish law and traditions. The time came, however, when the bonds became for him a bondage, and one day, on the road to Damascus, he stretched these bonds beyond the Jewish way and found his bonds were bands! Leaping over the Jewish restrictions we hear him cry, "Free from the Law!" All through his ministry, Paul was followed, in every town by Jewish Christians from Jerusalem, who demanded that the Gentile Christians should observe the Laws of Moses, that is, that the "Bonds" of the old law should go with the Christian message. Again Paul said, "Not bonds but bands", and fighting the traditional prejudice of the Jews, he proclaimed a gospel that was wide as the world!

Yes, let us distinguish between bonds and bands. God has given us initiative to act on, so that never we shall say "I can't", but "I'll try."

Mary Slessor was a poor factory lass in Dundee, Scotland. Her father a drunkard, Mary was the main support of the family. There she stayed until she was 28—a limited life—that could not lead to any very bright

prospect in the future—yet, Mary Slessor at 29 went to Africa, and in the miraculous story of "Mary Slessor of Old Calabar" we surely see a continuation of the Acts of the Apostles. Her "bonds" she made "bands!"

In the second place, I might say, our bonds may be real bonds, which can in no sense ever be "bands." Our bonds may be of Divine appointment.

Back of the Epistle to Colossians, I see Paul the prisoner in bonds! Paul, "the prisoner of that foul-mouthed, anti-Christian, arch-fiend, Nero?" No, there are here no vituperations against individuals nor circumstances. He is "Paul, the prisoner of Jesus Christ!"

Paul, as he tells us in 2 Cor. 12:1-10, suffered from some affliction. Some think it was a form of blindness. He besought the Lord to remove this "thorn in the flesh." But the answer came back, "My grace is sufficient for thee." This time it was not a "band" but a real "bond" that would always bind him down. But said this undaunted spirit, "If this is the Lord's way, then most gladly will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me. Yea, I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities for Christ's sake, for when I am weak, then am I strong!"

We are, then, to think of our limitations not so much in terms of what they bind us "from" as what they bind us "to." Paul, the prisoner, is bound in a Roman prison. Possessed of a restless spirit, he, like John Wesley, had had the world as his parish. Now he's a prisoner! Is that the end? Do we find Paul fretful, disappointed, dissatisfied? No, indeed, he's a prisoner of Christ, bound not "from" but "to!" We Christians of the twentieth century should thank God that Paul was bound. For, from the prison has come the immortal "prison Epistles," the cream of the Apostles' teaching.

Robert Louis Stevenson never enjoyed the blessing of good health. As a child, the nurse would lift him up to the window at night to look out over Edinburgh that he might forget his pain, and the long night hours pass less slowly. Yet it was Robert Louis Stevenson who, through his suffering, gave us "The Children's Garden of Verses." What boy or girl doesn't know and love Robert Louis Stevenson!

(Please turn to page 40)



Cecil Kappey at the organ console of Christ Church.
Organist of Christ Church and the Broadcasts.

The Short Cut

By The REV. J. E. TODD

I remember taking an auto ride with friends out into country not well known by any of us. The driver determined to take a short cut home against the advice of one who knew the country. For a while it seemed to be quite all right, but presently the road began to become steadily worse, and soon we found ourselves confronted by a swamp of water. With difficulty we turned around and made for the main highway along which were the guide posts, giving us our direction. And this little story supplies me with a text which is familiar to us all: "The longest way around is sometimes the shortest way home."

Frankly, I am growing suspicious of anything in the nature of a short cut to the really worth-while goals in life. There have been so many get-rich-quick schemes handed out to a poor, gullible public that at last the most credulous of us are becoming a bit suspicious. Not only is this false method of progress true in the realm of finance, but it has entered the realm of fine art, and you may see notices like these in magazines: "Become a musician overnight, surprise your friends," or "How to become a writer of short stories—thousands easily made." Of course the appeal being to an inherent desire in most of us to dodge and evade the long steep climb, the thorns and briars of unpleasantness, and arrive immediately at our heart's desire.

* * *

In my reading I came across an interesting passage, which would provide a text for what I am saying. Here it is: "God led them not through the way of the land of the Philistines, although that was near." Here is another case of the short cut. As a matter of fact, the distance between Egypt and the Promised Land was not great—just about four or five days steady marching—and yet it took those people forty long years to do it. Then why not take the short cut? Well,

for one thing, the near way led through enemy country; an enemy who were born fighters. Had they gone that way they actually would never have arrived at their destination, for the Philistines would have annihilated them. The time came when they were able to give a good account of themselves even when facing a Philistine army, but not just then, for they were still a horde of slaves. And so the longer way round became the shorter way home.

Then, while five days might have brought them into the Promised Land, Egypt and her bondage would still have been with them. Granted it took but one night to take Israel out of Egypt, but it took forty long years to take Egypt out of Israel. The men whom God had chosen for his work must be men who had learned to stand upon their own feet; to face life unafraid; to bear up under life's bitterest bludgeonings, and there is no short cut into that kind of kingdom for any man. And when I remember how that forty years in the wilderness enriched their lives, and deepened their knowledge of themselves and God, I begin to see more clearly the deep underlying purpose for all men, including myself.

The short cut? Oh well, it all depends on your aim in life. A single night will fully develop a mushroom. But then a mushroom is—just a mushroom. But if you aim to be an oak, to shelter the weary traveller from the sun's fierce heat; to be a thing of beauty and a joy on and on through the years, don't you see for you there can be no short cut.

* * *

So let me repeat my text, and as you read it again it may be a little light will filter in to some dark and hitherto unexplained situation in your life: "And God led them not through the way of the land of the Philistines, although that was near."

THE SYMPHONY OF LIFE

"To live content with small means—to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion, to be worthy not respectable, and wealthy not rich—to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly, to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages, with open heart—to bear all cheerfully—do all bravely, await occasions—never hurry; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common. This is to be my symphony."

—William Ellery Channing.

Blessings Through Dicipline

By The REV. F. W. PATTISON

We readily associate blessing with material prosperity. How easily we think that the farmer with bursting barns, the merchant with overflowing coffers, the housewife with enough and to spare, are being blessed. This frequently is so.

But we do not so readily connect blessing with chastening. The experience of pain, the disappointments of business, these are not often placed on the side of benefits. Such experiences at first are apt to confuse the judgment—"All chastening seemeth for the present not joyous, but grievous," wrote the author of the Letter to the Hebrews.

Chastening is whatever can cultivate the soul by discipline through trial or pain. Chastening is a corrective with merciful intent.

It may be brought about by our own sin to move us to repentance, and then to larger life. If we sin we have to suffer.

But there is chastening which comes not as the result of our sin or from the sins of others. The Hebrews of the first century were in difficulty because they had accepted God's revelation in Jesus.

The nature of God can be worthily conceived through the teaching of Christ, Who for nineteen centuries has been teaching His followers to regard God as Father,—*"When you pray say, our Father."* With this instruction came a new and glorious and personal revelation of the Being of God. A function of a wise and loving father is to seek the ultimate good when this is in conflict with the merely temporary sensations of his children. Things of earth may be

taken from us that we may see the heavenly glory. Professor Lewis Swift, the astronomer, when in charge of the Warner Observatory, knew a sculptor in the city who was nearly blind. Dr. Swift determined to let him see a star if possible. It was winter and Sirius, the most brilliant of all the fixed stars, was shining in the southern skies. He led the sculptor into a dark alley, set up the telescope, trained it on Sirius and asked the sculptor to look; but he could see nothing. Noticing a street lamp burning at the corner of the alley, the astronomer, thinking that this light might be blurring what remained of the sight of his friend, turned it off. Then he carefully adjusted his instrument and asked him to look again. That was a thrilling moment to the sculptor, who for many years had seen little on earth and nothing in the heavens, when a flood of light shone clearly to him from a far off world, and he rapturously exclaimed, *"I see it, I see it."* At times our Heavenly Father may leave us in the darkness, but only that we may see the glory of His yonder light.

The severity of discipline at times is in order that the gracious Spirit of God may get through to the endangered soul. The chastening is not to destroy but to correct. The soil of our gardens after the winter is hard. The plow and the harrow break it up, soften it, preparing the soil to receive the seed and yield a harvest. As are plow and harrow to the garden, so can chastening be to the soul. Our Heavenly Father is "too wise to make a mistake and too good to be unkind." As we trust God in all weathers we have triumphant life.

THE MARKS OF THE SIMPLE LIFE

"Simplicity is less dependent on external things than we imagine. It can live in broadcloth or homespun; it can eat white bread or black. It is not outward but inward. A certain openness of mind to learn the daily lessons of life; a certain willingness of heart to give and to receive that extra service, that gift beyond the strict measure of debt which makes friendship possible; a certain clearness of spirit to perceive the best in things and people, to love it without fear and to cleave to it without mistrust; a peaceable sureness of affection and taste; a gentle straightforwardness of action; a kind sincerity of speech—these are the marks of the simple life, which are within. I have seen it in a hut. I have seen it in a palace. And wherever it is found it is the best prize of the school of life, the badge of a scholar well-beloved of the Master."

—Henry Van Dyke.

The Gift of Forgetfulness

By The REV. A. HARDING PRIEST

On a recent journey home from Winnipeg I met a gray-haired lady who was returning from a visit to her childhood home. It is a farmhouse in the eastern townships of Ontario, where the third generation of her people are now living. All through her years she has cherished the potent memory of her mother's habits of prayer, and of one room in particular that is forever hallowed as the scene of those devotions. Simply and quietly this lady told me of climbing the stairs, of entering this room, and of the very presence of her mother that came to her as she herself knelt there in prayer to the Heavenly Father. Memory had drawn her back to that place, and henceforth she will live on with the added blessing of this fresh spiritual experience. Memory may be a wonderful aid, but there is also in the providence of God the gift of forgetfulness, and that is our theme today.

A well-known fable tells how an Oriental king was once approached by a magician who offered him upon terms the gift of perfect memory. The king's answer was that he would give all he possessed if the magician could teach him not to remember, but to forget. There are times when we all have that same desire, times when we are only too well aware that we simply must forget some things in which we have been concerned actively or passively if we are to live in any degree worthy lives. There are times when we are hampered and hindered by recollections from days gone by, times when we realize that our very spiritual well-being depends on our ability to drop forever from memory some things that persist in asserting themselves at the springs of our motive and action. So large a part does memory play in our lives that it forces upon us the certainty that if the salvation of God is a reality it can bring deliverance from this domination which is as persistent as it is elusive.

St. Paul evidently found in the grace of God, which for him spells Christ, a divine gift of forgetfulness, for very confidently he declares, "This one thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." His testimony is confirmed by the experience of

the one who said, "God hath made me to forget," for it was by this means that God helped Joseph to become the good and happy and useful man he was, in the face of almost every possible influence to the contrary.

Dr. Gilkey suggests three sets of memories we shall do well to bring within control of the grace of God, the first being the memory of our own past failures.

"Who bears in mind misfortunes gone
Must live in fear of more;
The happy man whose heart is light
Gives no such shadows power.
He lives his life by days not years,
Each day's a life complete,
Which every morning finds renewed
With temper calm and sweet."

And this is surely in the spirit of our Master, Who said, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Then there are the recollections of other people's unkindnesses, and here, too, we can all, if we will, dwell on many an experience. But we can rid ourselves of these disturbing memories by the divine alchemy of forgiveness. That word and that action that was so constantly on the lips and in the life of Jesus. He knew the havoc bitterness works within the human spirit, and therefore He bade men forgive. Difficult? Impossible? We learn to do it, just as we learn to do the other hard and difficult tasks of life—by steadfast and long-continued practice.

There is one other set of memories upon which is effective the gift forgetfulness. It is the Morass of the Might-Have-Been, the No-Man's Land of Vanished Alternatives. IF Only, if only. Suppose I had gone into a different business, settled somewhere else, married somebody else. We all know such fatal moods and memories. The next time you find yourself falling victim to them, remind yourself that you know nothing, absolutely nothing, about the road you did not take. You imagine it was a fine straight road that would have led you directly to the Land of Heart's Desire. That's pure supposition. It might have been far worse. The only truthful thing to say about it is you do not know. Why, then, allow the memory of the unknown "might have been" to mar the living present God has put within your reach?

All Things Are Possible

By The REV. JAMES McNEILL

("If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth."—Mark 9:23).

Read the ninth chapter of the book of St. Mark, and you have presented to you there the whole drama of human life in terms of that continuous struggle going on in our human hearts, the struggle between faith and doubt, between hope and despair. The soul is a battleground whereon these conflicting forces meet in deadly combat, each seeking for the place of supremacy; and happy is he in whom the power of faith triumphs. The simple story tells us how the distracted father's faith was dashed to the ground by the failure of Jesus' disciples to do anything for his afflicted son. Then Jesus came upon the scene. The father rushed to Jesus, and in a torrent of impassioned speech told Him everything. With pitying, beseeching detail, the distracted father, after relating all the attendant symptoms of his son's illness, cried out in anguish, "If Thou canst do anything, have compassion on us, and help us." It was then that Jesus spoke these words, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." Our Lord's reply is very forceful. It is absolutely positive. There is not a single word of qualification used. It is an arresting reply, a reply provocative of thought. "If Thou canst do anything," said the father; but Jesus declared, The "if" does not lie with Me at all—there is no "if" where I am concerned: the "if" is entirely with you. "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." To which the broken man replied, "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief."

On one occasion the disciples themselves came to Jesus and said, "Lord, increase our faith." A difficult task and duty had been prescribed for them by our Lord. They had not the courage to face it. It was too

stupendous. The demand was altogether too big. They felt that it could not be done; so they asked for an increase of faith. Jesus replied to their request thus, "If you had faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye might say unto this sycamine tree, be thou plucked up by the root, and be thou planted in the sea; and it should obey you." Jesus virtually told them that it was not an increase of faith they really needed; it was a little more iron in their souls to help them use the faith they already possessed. They had the power within them, but they were not using it. If only they could be induced to use what they already possessed, depending the while upon God, they could accomplish infinitely more, and be less subject to fear of failure. They would accomplish the seemingly impossible.

Read through the New Testament and you find that Jesus insists on people living to the very utmost of their capacity. Read the accounts of our Lord's healing miracles, and notice how He usually seeks the full co-operation of those whom He would help. "Believest thou that I am able to do this?" He would ask. In other words, have you confidence in the irresistible, unthwartable power of God? Do you believe that this power is available for you? Jesus always acted on the assured assumption that there is a power of God available for every one through faith. All the wonderful, re-creative forces of God are arrayed and ready for the use of him who will but stretch forth believing hands and take them. Is not that what Jesus means when He says, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth?" Faith is our willingness to use God. Such faith has no limits. Let us remember that the measure of the visible power of God in the world is always in direct proportion to our faith to take and apply it.

PRAYER FOR THE FAR LOOK

Our Father, help us to see life in true perspective. In the pressure of work we lose the sense of proportion. The great and eternal realities of life we forget while we wrestle with the immediate and the temporal. The grass looks large and the stars look small. And Thou seemest far away. Restore for us the far look and the confident faith. In the midst of our struggles in the changing currents of our times, let us feel that there is a source of strength and power that will not fail us. Underneath the noise and roar of machinery let us hear the everlasting harmonies. After the earthquake, wind and fire, let us hear the still, small voice.

The Gift of Appreciation

By The REV. GEORGE BIDDLE

Ps. 103, 1 and 2. "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His Holy Name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

I read recently of a group of tourists who were being shown through one of the great museums of Europe. In this museum was the piano upon which Beethoven had played and which had belonged to him. As the guide explained to the group the history of the instrument, a girl slipped beneath the rope, which had been placed around to protect it, and played upon the historic instrument a flippant jazz tune. As she played she turned to the guide and said, "I suppose many thousands of people come to see this piano?" "Yes," said the guide, "last year Paderewski came." "And did he play upon the piano?" asked the girl. "No," said the guide, and he spoke slowly now, and with bowed head. "We had hoped he would and many great musicians had come to hear him. We begged him to strike only so much as one chord upon it, but Paderewski said he was not worthy to touch the keys upon which the Master Beethoven had played."

What a wonderful difference appreciation makes to life! It makes us bow in reverence to the really great things, while the common, drab and mundane things show up in a new light.

"Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

"The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God."

That is appreciation and its results!

Surely it is only as we begin to appreciate a thing that the capacity is formed in us to love that thing. For instance, it is only as we appreciate certain qualities in our friends that we learn to love them; it is only as we

learn to appreciate our work that the work becomes worth-while and we eagerly bend our energies to it. Someone has defined the word Appreciate thus: "to recognize or feel the worth of." And again: "Appreciation is the deeper meaning of gratitude." It is in this latter sense that the Psalmist pours out his soul in those inspired words of our text, "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His Holy Name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." And it is when we learn to appreciate like that that God becomes as real to us as to the Psalmist. When that faculty at its highest is developed, the poorest of us is richer than earth's greatest multi-millionaire.

Have we ever stood before the cross and tried to appreciate the Kingly agony of unutterable love? We do need today a greater appreciation of Jesus Christ and what He has done for us. We do need a greater appreciation of what He offers us, who surrender to Him in Faith. "I am the Bread of Life—he that cometh to Me shall never hunger—and that believeth on Me shall never thirst." "I will come in to him and sup with him and he with Me." It is as we appreciate His Son that God is pleased and He honours our faith by filling us with the Holy Spirit.

Of course, as we come to know what He means to us, so we long to serve Him. For if appreciation does one thing, it inspires us to service. I think it is Stanley Jones in his book, "Christ of the Round Table," who tells the story of General Booth's last remaining moments on earth. As his intimate friends gathered about his bed, they said, "Tell us, General, what has been the secret of your remarkable life?" The old veteran thought a moment and then said, "If there has been any secret, it has been this: that Christ has had everything there is of me." Genuine appreciation of God's Love inspired full life service.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and Love flow mingled down;
Did ere such Love and Sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all,"

Books That Bring Sunshine

By The REV. FATHER A. B. MacDONALD

My part in this year's Sunshine work was quite moderate. The talks were confined to books, the smaller and easily handled volumes so popular with the invalid. In each period an effort was made to deal with one old favorite, with one or other work that had stood the test for upwards of a quarter century, and with one new book. As last year was the centenary of Charles Lamb's death, the "Essays of Elia" deserve some comment, with special mention of "A Dissertation on Roast Pig," which has been enjoyed by all readers since its first appearance in the "Reflector" in 1811. Following "Elia" came Sir J. M. Barrie's "Courage", which seemed very appropriate in days when discouragement is rife in the land. That letter from Captain Scott of the Antarctic should do much to dispel fear: "We are in a desperate state—feet frozen, etc., no fuel and a long way from food, but it would do your heart good to be in our tent, to hear our songs and our cheery conversation." We, so it seems to me, might make braver efforts at songs and cheery conversation.

My notes inform me that Willa Cather's "Obscure Destinies" closed the list on that day. She is one of my favorite authors. "Shadows on the Rock" with the atmosphere and background of Old Quebec was, in my opinion, a masterpiece; but here were three short stories of equal merit. My own favorite was "Two Friends," and the figures of R. E. Dillon and H. E. Trueman yet stand clearly before me. In this tale there is some very fine writing: the little girl playing jacks in the moonlight while absorbing every word of the conversation being carried on by the banker-merchant and the cattleman is a picture one does not easily forget. It may be that "Chance Acquaintance", which appeared in the Atlantic Monthly this winter, may rank still higher, but Dillon and Trueman are noble figures in fiction.

The next talk was on November 25th, when the "Vicar of Wakefield" saw himself succeeded by "David Harum", who sprang from the brain of Edward Noyes while wasting away with tuberculosis—he was dead ere the book appeared. David and myself have been friends since 1899 and yet bid one another "Good Morning" with a smile. The humor, the good sense, the good judgment of a shrewd trader are in evidence on every page—the geometrical school of literature had not yet introduced triangularity into the literary world. That day's work closed with "Flowering Wilderness", then fresh from the hand of John Galsworthy, who had just won the Nobel Prize. He is no longer with us and his departure leaves a void in English letters: Dinny and Wilfred; Sir Lawrence and Lady Mont; Michael and Fleur remain and help to people our neighborhood.

The next talk was easily prepared. Mr. George Boucher, the author of "Other Days: Other Ways", spoke at the Board of Trade on January 20th and Canadian letters demanded attention. Boucher abounds in good things. His old parish priest might be a guide for many younger preachers: "He preferred to have virtue honored by presenting it in attractive colors rather than to have vice hated by painting its horrible pictures." His description of the Horse Trader was very apt: "He lived modestly; changed horses more often than shirts." There were depressions in Canada long years before the year 1929. Judge Rivard's "Chez Nous" is a companion volume well worth your attention, and when you add "The Beauport Road" and "The Flying Canoe" it will be seen that we have, at least, the beginning of a Canadian literature. When you have got that far, you should read Mr. Deacon's "Four Jameses" and laugh yourselves back into health, happiness and prosperity—James D. Gillis excels Mark Twain.

INCONSEQUENTIAL STRIVINGS

"It is as amazing as it is sad, that we go about so largely burdening ourselves with strivings that are of no consequence, and miss the gladness and exhilaration of living. No life is successful until it is radiant. The King of Glory is always ready to come in. Why do we bar the way? We cannot all live in palaces; but we can all live in the Kingdom of Heaven, and the material luxuries of the one pale before the glow and thrill and exaltation of the other."

—Lilian Whiting.



THE MISSION OF FRIENDSHIP (For names see page 25)

A Glorious Reflection

By THE REV. THOS. T. FAICHNEY

One morning recently starting off for the day's work, I opened the front door of the house, and below us was the Palliser Hotel with every glass a blaze of glory. "Oh look!" cried a young member of the family. "What's that?" "That, laddie, is the reflection of the sun. We can't see the sun from here, because of that bulge on the hill, but we know it is there by that glorious reflection."

I had no sooner uttered the words, when they came home with spiritual meaning, and I had a message that stayed with me all that day, and the text is Heb. 1:1-3, "Jesus—reflected God's bright glory, and was stamped with God's own character." We do not see God from here, the things of earth have obtruded, but we know He is there by that Glorious Reflection!

(1) THE GLORY IN CHRIST

For long centuries men sought God—Israel by her religion, Greece by her philosophy, India by her mysticism, China by her ethics. But confessedly these were but broken light; hints of what might be. Then, in the fulness of time, the Son of God came: "The word was made flesh and dwelt among us—and we beheld His glory—full of grace and truth" (John 1:14).

In an exuberant joy, which they made no attempt to repress, the followers of our Lord,—who for three years saw that life of Love—given up to the Cross; who witnessed His resurrection and ascension—went forth to a world,—that had been seeking and not finding—with the message, "We know God," not that we have seen Him, but by the Glorious Reflection in Him who said, "He that hath seen Me, hath seen the Father" (John 14:6).

Never should we doubt God. Never should we wonder what God is like, for in Jesus we have the express image of His person: Calvary is the window to the heart of God.—God is Love!

(2) THE GLORY IN US

There is a second thought that follows this. People today do not know Jesus, our Lord. They are not reading the Gospels. They are looking at His reflection in us. I wonder what sort of an impression we give them of Jesus? If we are absolutely honest

we shall say, "Not just as good as we should like." We agree with Robert Browning—"It is hard to be a Christian."

Listen, my friends, and I will let you in on a secret. You are trying so hard to be good. Do you know, you can be good without trying? Our job is not to create light, but to reflect it: It is not ours to create the good life, but to live it. God is the Creator. Christ is the Light. It is ours to reflect that light: And to reflect Him, we must live in the presence of the Light: Each morning to throw our lives open to the rays of the Sun of Righteousness. Let the kindly light of Christ's love reach the recesses of mind and spirit, till the whole being is athrob with His life and light. Then we needn't worry about the reflection. It will just shine! That is what Paul means in 2 Cor. 3:18: "We all, with unveiled face, beholding as in a mirror the image of the Lord, are transformed from glory to glory"—or "from character to character." All of which is but another way of expressing a basic law of life recognized by all psychologists, "We grow like the things we live with."

At Oberammergau, where the Passion Play is given every ten years, there is a house called Pilate's House. Over the door there is a representation of Pilate's Judgment Hall with Pilate seated on the throne. It is significant that for generations those chosen to take the part of Pilate have come from the family in this house. "We grow like the things we live with."

Of equal significance is Anton Lang, of the Christlike countenance, who on three occasions took the part of Christ. As a young lad, he was told he should be chosen for that part and the devout youth had a large portrait of Christ hung on the wall at the foot of his bed. The last thing at night, the first thing in the morning, was Christ: Can we wonder that thus living with Christ, Anton Lang became Christlike, not only in character, but even in countenance; he was transformed to the very image of Him "Who reflected God's bright glory, and was stamped with God's own character."—Even Jesus Christ our Lord; to whom be glory, now and evermore. Amen.

The Fruit of Discipline

By The REV. F. W. PATTISON

Enriched character is gained from battles among the clouds—a deeper note, a sweeter song, a truer harmony, a larger life. Goethe acknowledged, "I never had an affliction which did not turn into a poem." Wordsworth, in referring to the effect of Milton's blindness upon the great poet's character, sang:

"The thing became a trumpet whence
he blew

Soul animating strains—alas, too few!"

Ole Bull, at the climax of his musical career, played one evening at the Boston Symphony, and as the great building rocked with applause, he held up his beloved violin, saying: "It's that — it's that! It's the storms of a thousand winters coming out!" The storms of life may bring the music that will lift the heart Godward and manward. In a biography of one of the great English scientists, Newell Dwight Hillis finds two outlooks on the early discipline of trouble:—

At Thirteen:

"I cannot pretend to like this school, however much I try. The head is a beast, and not one of the under-masters is a decent chap. I hate being kept in after hours, when the other fellows are going out after games, and yet, whenever I haven't done a lesson right, they make me do it until I know it thoroughly. This is constantly the case with my Latin. Also I do loathe the food they give us; we have to eat fat and lean together, and fat is beastly. Also, however cold it is, we have to take long runs, when it would be much nicer to sit by the fire and be comfortable. I can't understand my father and mother, who say they love me, and all that, sending me to such a place and making me learn Latin and Euclid, which are no use to anyone. I wish I could run away."

At Sixty-three:

"Of my many advantages in early life I place easily first my parents, whose method of training me was beyond all praise. To my puerile mind they seemed cruelly strict, but I see now how marvellously they understood me. In looking back upon my first

school, I can think of it only with affection. The manner in which the masters treated my inner tendency of character was entirely admirable. To their insistence at that period I owe one of the keenest delights of my matured years—a love for the Latin authors. In the matter of physical soundness, also, I am certainly much indebted to the "school runs" which were compulsory, and to the wholesome and sensible diet on which we were fed, without which I should not possess today the virility which has kept me free from disease to a quite unusual extent."

Strengthened faith is a result of faith exercised during times of chastening. And so it has come about that "the great sufferers have been the great believers."

The history of the Children of Israel was not greatest in the luxurious days of King Solomon's court, but in the difficult days when mighty prophets were trumpets for the living God, and when our noblest psalms were forged on the anvils of hard times.

When character is enriched and faith is strengthened, influence is produced that is greatly effectual. Literature abounds in illustrations of authors who gained an influence as a result of discipline. In the jail of Madrid Cervantes wrote "Don Quixote." So poor was he that he could not secure writing paper for the last part of this masterpiece, which was concluded on scraps of leather. "Pilgrim's Progress" was written in a jail where the spirit of inspiration touched the soul of a Bedford tinker and made him the immortal dreamer whose influence has blessed the succeeding generations. Martin Luther translated the Bible when a prisoner in the Castle of Wartburg. The Apostle Paul wrote great epistles when in prison. John Milton, writing "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained" in this mood trustingly sang:

"I argue not
Against Heaven's hand, or will,
Nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope;
But still bear up and steer
Right onward."

LIFE'S GREAT MOMENTS

"You will find as you look back upon your life that the moments that stand out, the moments when you have really lived, are the moments when you have done things in a spirit of love."

The Price of Life

By The REV. G. N. LUXTON

On this first broadcast of the season, I want to speak on a subject about which you probably know more than I; the years multiply knowledge for each one of us in this department of life. Therefore I speak in no dogmatic tone, but rather ask you to think over with me a fact that is inescapable. As soon as we leave the "apron string" guidance of childhood, we are brought up suddenly, and often cruelly, by the hard truth—that Life costs! that nothing precious in life is ever picked up cheaply.

Yet as soon as I write these words, there occur to me plausible exceptions, the love of friends, the comradeship of wife, the joy of children, the love of the Heavenly Father. But only a surface estimation would allow us to regard these gifts as unearned blessings. At first they may come to us as an undeserved boon, but if we are to hold them, the costs begins to roll up at once. When I say cost, I speak of coins far more precious than that of the realm, coins that are minted of love, selflessness and sacrifice, coins that bear upon them the Royal Symbol of Calvary. How jealously earthly kings guard the privileges of the currency. The King of Kings has laid upon us no restrictions. Each day we buy life with our own personal coinage. And the value of our purchase is determined by the preciousness of spirit we have cast into the mould of the day's giving.

Of course, some people think that they can fool the world and offer spurious or inferior metal on the world's counter. And for the time-being they perhaps seem to succeed. Then comes a day of reckoning, accounts are drawn up and the metals tested. Rich Dives finds himself a pauper and poor Lazarus a son of Abraham.

Others play with life as if it were a bargain counter, a struggle in which he wins who succeeds in getting the most for the least. Bargain hunting may be excellent and enjoyable sport for the housewife trying to perform the modern miracle—making both ends meet! But when transferred to the spiritual side of life, leanness enters into the soul. The world gives back to them that for which they sought—cheapness.

"There are no bargains

In the counter sales of Life.

We think so, but some unexpected way

We find our purchase

Is a worn and shoddy thing,

So after all, in that 'long past'—
we pay."

Sit down and think this thought through after our broadcast is over. You have all known people who have tried to cheat life. Married women who refused to pay the price a home and children demand. No slavery for them, no suppression of personality and liberty over a kitchen sink! No, nothing like that, they were going to go the pace envied their spirit at the time, though now and enjoy life to the full. Perhaps you you see clearly the futility there is hid in such an attitude. They were butterflying through the years while you walked your quiet sacrificial way. Now, they are cantankerous, self-pitying discontents, while you have a little store of love and peace laid up in your heart, garnered through the years by costly transactions of the spirit. You have Life now; they have a hollow, empty thing filled with their own conceit. The person who hoards the gold of the spirit does a foolish thing. Once it is removed from circulation it moulds and turns to ashes. Such a miser may for a time avoid sighs and tears, but life lived without these gifts of love soon becomes bereft of smiles and radiant joy.

Men give as many examples as women, perhaps more, of this refusal to pay the price for Life. And in their lives the inexorable law works to its sad conclusion. Life lived within a fence of selfishness soon becomes a hateful imprisonment. "Thou Fool", are words our Lord used to such a one. They describe all men who sell their souls for that which rust and moth doth corrupt. They pride themselves on their astuteness and business ability and hard-headedness. Treasure in heaven means nothing to them. The good ore that lies latent in their lives and that might be minted into acts of love and service is ignored and neglected. They develop their fields and increase their barns, but that inner tract of the spirit, where Life might bloom in heavenly fragrance, is no-man's land.

There is not an original thought in these words of mine. They do but lead towards and prepare the way for the word of One Who knows us better than we know ourselves and Who knows life through and through. He said, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

The Task of Happiness

By The REV. G. N. LUXTON

The phrase comes from R. L. S's "Celestial Surgeon": Do you hesitate at the word "task?" It is a strange word to place before happiness, with its implication of a burden imposed, a tax to be collected. Yet it does stab our spirits broad awake by its very unusualness, and that was the intention of the great Scot in writing these lines of challenge.

Not only is it an unusual word to associate with happiness, but it is a word that opens the door on a world of truth. Happiness is a duty for each one of us. We have no business to be unhappy, and it is most assuredly our bounden duty to present a happy gift of life to this needy world. It is the tax, or to use a Toc H expression, it is the rent we pay for our room on earth. Are you up in your payments, or are you badly in arrears?

Our Sunshine Club consists of a group of people who wish to present the world with this gift of happiness. Perhaps you are one of the thirteen hundred who hold our membership card. Where is it? Forgotten, in a drawer? Have you "given up" as the children say? or perhaps you have just lost heart in the struggle. A long winter's work does run away with our supplies of energy. Reconditioning is the word the mechanic uses in prescribing for a weary, road-worn automobile, a spring tuning-up, a brightening of the spark, and a riddance of carbon in the engine-head and dust in the gasoline pipes.

Our need is very similar, in the realm of spirit. Our bodies and our brains are not usually the mischief-centres. Recuperation goes on silently and steadily in the physical sphere. And I take it, most of us are not suffering from undue mental exertion. It is difficult to face a problem steadily for more than five minutes at any hour of the day; a bell rings, a door slams, an agent arrives, and the mind has a moment's rest. But our spirits; there lies the exhaustion-centre. I am in a class with practitioners who concentrate on one particular part of the body and treat all ailments from that spot, chilblains from your backbone and headaches from your feet! I locate most of our failures in our great task of happiness

within the spirit and diagnose them as cases of soul-exhaustion.

Our Lord said it is more blessed to give than to receive. Of course it is—provided we have something to give. As long as our shelves are filled, we can dispense the gifts of the spirit to all and sundry—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, patience. But to keep our supply up to the ordinary demands of daily life, we must be either of two things, a spiritual millionaire, or else the recipient of a steady spiritual income. I think we may rule out the first possibility and concern ourselves with the second.

After the word "Progression", printed in red ink on our membership cards, there is a very vital aim, "To search each day for . . . spiritual nourishment that I may grow in my inner stature." This is the tonic we need to strengthen our drooping spirits and increase our daily income. Sooner or later we must take it or else go out of the happiness-business entirely. And already there are too many boarded windows and locked doors on the street of life.

Declare an armistice and keep peace with God for a few minutes each day. Read the old Book that strengthened your fathers. Wait upon the Lord, as they did, quietly, confidently, trustingly. Stop rattling off your prayers as if speed were a main object. Let each word carry thought and purpose in it, and then after you have finished talking to Him, rest yourself silently in His presence. Oftimes He takes up the conversation and turns your feet to fresher, lovelier ways of life.

Try it! Refuse to let anything interfere with your daily sanctuary. You will be amazed at the difference it will make in your life. Before a week is over your friends will be conscious of a new blessing they share in your presence. Smiles that previously seemed slow at coming, and, if they did arrive, felt forced and unnatural, will leap into being. And more, the world which was beginning to growl at you will follow your lead, and give back smile for smile. Invest a few minutes daily in the restorative Presence of God, in order that you may have the strength to go on your way rejoicing.

How Much Do You Own?

By The REV. G. N. LUXTON

This sounds like a question on an income tax form, doesn't it? Yet I have no desire to know the figures with which you adorn such a document. Nor do you escape my question even though you assure me that the government is not interested in your diminutive income. The ownership of which I speak is a far broader thing than that concerned with title deeds on property. The measure of your ownership, in the sense in which I use the phrase, depends on the quality of your inner life, the responsiveness of your soul to God's good gifts.

Two men stand before an old master. The one gloats over his new acquisition, for the receipt of payment is in his pocket. The picture is his; he can parade his friends before it and impress them by his wealth and surface culture. Does he like his picture? Oh yes, he supposes so; doesn't see anything wrong with it, and the experts tell him its genuine and precious. Funny, that an old daubed piece of canvas should be worth

The other man is an old art dealer. He has given his life to his vocation. Pictures are his children, his joy, his prayers. And now he stands, big-eyed, before the original of a lifetime's dream. He does not hear the noisy chatter of the "owner" beside him. His soul is drinking at a fount of beauty. His spirit is communing with the Spirit of Beauty that inspired the old master. His heart beats with glad thanksgiving.

Who owns that picture? in the sight of God? The man with the receipt or the man with the responsive soul? The man who has it hanging unappreciated on his walls or the man who already has it enshrined in his heart? Can there be any doubt about the true ownership?

All life is like that. We take from life only what we have the ability to carry away. We limit life's gift to us by the limitations within us. We own only what we are able to make our own; the rest slips through our careless hands.

Religion is an outstanding example of limitations in ownerships. To the Greeks the Cross of Christ was foolishness. Of course it was, to a people flippant, cynical and heady with debate. The Cross was beyond their power of appreciation. Only the devout, the humble, and above all, the

penitent, can read in it the Glory and the Love of the Eternal Heart.

Religion is a cultivated appreciation built upon an natural aptitude that is found in all men. In that, it differs from art and music. Some of us might be trained for years in art or music and still remain outsiders. But with religion, we all possess the instinctive urge Godward. The tragedy is that in our day so little is done to develop this supreme gift of God to man. Without wishing to be an alarmist, still I must say that our generation is swiftly losing the title deed to the richest heritage we have, the ownership of the World of the Spirit.

How much do you own of the Promised Land of Prayer? How much of the Bible is yours—really yours? Is sacramental experience one of your strengthening possessions? Is the Lord Christ your personal Friend and Companion? Have you in your daily life appropriated the power and guidance of the Holy Spirit? Or do you stand before the great masterpiece of Eternity with puzzled eyes and dead hearts?

Life itself presents the same sharp alternative of ownership or emptiness. Is your experience of it narrow and confining? If so, do not wait until you can buy more of it. You stand now in the presence of its fulness. There are no fences, no preserves in life, except self-imposed ones. It can be either a prison or a magic carpet. It can be either a dead alley or an ever-widening vista of adventure. Your surroundings, your limitations are not the decisive factors. The yardstick of life's possibilities for you is the breadth and depth and width of your own inner life. If your soul is inch-ridden, then naturally your life will be a tale of dull inches. If, however, your mind in its flight laughs at limitations, then be assured that you are one of those blessed people to whom our Lord promised the full inheritance of the world.

A little verse runs in my mind as a conclusion for this talk. A friend sent it to me a year ago. He labours in a small place. I gather it has a note of spiritual autobiography in it for the sender, although another first penned the words. The allusions are classical for the most part, yet the thought is built for moderns like ourselves.

(Please turn to page 40)

Beyond?

By The REV. GEORGE N. LUXTON

There is not one person listening-in today who is unaffected by the title of my short address, "Beyond?" and the challenging question-mark I have placed after it. Perhaps only a few years ago, or a few months ago, one whom you loved passed through the veil which hangs between this life and the next. Perhaps the bitterness of the blow still bears down your shoulders. After the first numbness of the shock had let you think clearly once again, that mind of yours was bound to grope its way into the problem of the after-world. Is there one? Where? What is it like? Is it but a dim, shadowy place where personality is lost and earth's loves are forgotten? Perhaps, too, you have wrestled all night, as Jacob did with the angel, craving, nay, demanding, the blessing of a certain faith that the lost one lives beyond—the same lovely person, unchanged yet transformed; still the dear, friendly soul you held so closely in earthly days.

Before I express my simple yet sure faith on this great question, let me say a word to those who have been cruelly stricken by bereavement. Some there are who can take loss calmly and rather easily, but for most of us when the call comes to a loved one, our lives are seared by the agony of the parting and the bitterness of the loss. Thank God we have the capacity to grieve, to grieve deeply. It's the pledge of life's fineness; it's the mark of God's greatest gift. Life would be a hollow, empty thing if we could take the parting unflinchingly with cold hearts and dry eyes; Love would be a mere mockery if it knew no suffering at the valley of the shadow. God has given us sensitive, suffering spirits, made of the fibre of His own life, able to partake of the delicious joy of life and able also to drain the bitter dregs of Gethsemane. Thank God, I say again, that we are grieving folk. A dry-eyed world would be as ugly a picture as a world of flippant, mocking laughter. Let us claim our birthright as Sons of God and pay the dear cost for life's richness and depth.

Beyond? What is it like? I wonder if it's necessary first to say a word in support of the existence of a beyond? To me, it's inevitable, as inevitable as my belief in God. I must believe in God, for I see His mark everywhere. I cannot turn but I look at the gracious plan of His mind. Only part of it I understand, but that part is wonderful. And as I humbly try to follow the adventurers in every world of thought, science, astronomy, philosophy, divinity, instead of

finding my faith in God shaken, I find it ever growing in wonder and grandeur and certainty. Not that God grows, but every new piece of knowledge widens our revelation of Him. My capacity for seeing Him grows day by day as the Light of Life increases.

Do you think that God's plan for man could be small and mean enough to rest content with a few trifling moments of time spent on the physical plane? that He would bless man with the glory of the spirit only to quench it like a candle-flame when it just begins to attain its stature? that He with one hand would endow the tiniest speck of matter with an innate quality of conservation and survival, and then with a spendthrift, wasteful hand discard to the scrapheap His greatest creation, the spiritual texture of man? A god who could do this is no God at all. He would be a narrow-minded, visionless trickster; a heartless, thoughtless tantalizer; a vacillating, niggardly tyrant. In our better moments not one of us would so plan the world. Is our justice, then, our fairness, our love, greater than His? The man who thinks there is no beyond, makes God a lesser being than himself, and raises a thousand perplexing, baffling, unanswerable questions for the one he pretends to answer with a negation. Yes, the pathway of life leads unswervingly through the veil to another world.

And what is it like in the beyond. To give an adequate reply to this question is impossible. I can only lay before you a few clues which we have from the Saviour Himself, each of which finds a responsive echo in our own common sense. Let no one ever tell you that we shall not recognize each other yonder. Recognition will be fuller, deeper and richer than ever on earth. Personality, the glory of our life here, will there achieve its fullest consummation. That we should be vague, shadowy ghosts is unthinkable. God will not ridicule us or taunt us by giving us less than we have here; Beyond will be a place of more—not of less. Did the Saviour not say that the mansions were to be His own special care? Can we not trust Him to have a lovelier plan than any we can imagine or anticipate? Our "best" will be but a mean, indifferent thing when we come into the realization of His best, and we will be ashamed of our poverty-stricken anticipation. I read of one who took a little boy from the heart of the city on his first trip to the sweet countryside.

(Please turn to page 25)

"A VISION OF GOD" (Concluded)

tree with a piece of wire tied tightly around it? Life tries to push itself past the barrier, but it can't do so with sufficient power. There is one of the terrible lessons of the Vine—that branch is pruned off. Now there are a lot of wire bands tied tightly around our national branches and around our own individual branches which ought to be removed at once before those branches die. There are the wire bands of inharmony, jealousy, sloth; of indifference, carelessness, inactivity. We have to tear them down, and immediately we start the tearing down process, we discover that we are playing a very important part—we are loosing the bands that keep back the flow of Life. Remove these bands and life flows again, rich, healing, soothing, and the branch is restored.

Outside my window at home is a tree. Last winter one of its leaves refused to fall. The frost came, the snow and sleet, the howling winter storms, but it remained there despite all, blackened and withered and dead. One thing, however, removed it where everything else failed—Life. In the Spring, when the sap began to flow—that did it! It could not withstand the rising tide of life.

So when the black leaves of sin and sorrow, pain and sickness, monotony and care hang on to us, let us turn to the Vine, the Lord Christ, the Risen, Living, Glorified Christ Jesus, and let us realize our oneness with Him. And slowly but surely the Power of the Spirit of Life at work within us will turn our dying into Life, our darkness into Light, cleansing, healing, restoring, giving us a new Vision of God.

"BEYOND?" (Concluded)

The lad had only heard of the country from the lips of others. Now, the actual realization of his vague dream overwhelmed him; the vaulted blue sky, the great green trees whispering their songs to the winds that played in the leaves; the birds gaily singing; the gentle wild flowers nestled in the warm, rolling sod; and in his lungs the sweet, sunshine-cleansed air of the downs. The boy let out a great chortle of glee and, falling on his knees, buried his face in the grass and gave old Mother Earth a warm kiss. The story suggests an experience in store for each one of us beyond the flimsy veil of this life.

And that world will be a land of high adventure—not a place of empty and spineless repose. Harps and clouds and trumpets were the paraphernalia of the old-fashioned thinking of the Beyond. We have travelled a long way since then.

"I cannot think of Heaven a place,
Where men go idly to and fro,
With harps of gold and robes that shame the snow,
With great wide wings that brightly interlace
When'er they sing before the Master's face—
Within a realm where neither pain nor woe,
Nor care is found; where tempests never blow;

KEYS TO GROUP PICTURES**Sunshine Hour Speakers—Facing Page 6**

Seated (left to right)—Rev. R. H. Williams, Rev. G. N. Luxton, Rev. W. Hollingsworth, Rev. George Biddle.

Standing (left to right)—Rev. A. Harding Priest, Rev. James McNeill, Rev. Thos. T. Faichney, Rev. F. W. Pattison, Rev. Father A. B. MacDonald, Rev. J. E. Todd.

The Mission of Friendship—Facing Page 18

Back Row—Mrs. David B. Brydie, Mrs. Ernest Palmer, Mrs. Jas. Hawkes, Mrs. Benjamin Smith, Mrs. Chas. M. Clarke, Mrs. Stanley W. Sedgwick, Mrs. Arthur Sulis and Mrs. Frank Flewelling.

1st Row Standing—Mrs. Jas. Brady, Mrs. Chas. Smith, Mrs. Maurice Terry, Mrs. P. Acton Sargent, Mrs. Jean G. Wannop, Mrs. Robt. Southern, Mrs. H. Margaret Thompson.

Sitting—Mrs. Clem Whitbread, Mrs. Jennie Boehmer, Rev. G. N. Luxton, Mrs. D. Gerald Montgomery (Secretary), Mrs. Ernest W. Nelson.

Soloists on the Broadcasts—Facing Page 27

Front row (left to right) — Miss Jessie Cadman, Miss Helen Swanson, Miss Isabelle Logie, Mrs. D. B. Keir, Mrs. Dalton Jeffrey, Miss Mary Crozier, Miss May V. Richardson (Mrs. Chas. Smith).

Back row—Mrs. Harold Hides, Mrs. J. W. Bishop, Mr. Peter Kirkpatrick, Mr. Norman Kennedy, Mr. B. A. Choppen, Mrs. N. D. Powers, Mrs. A. E. McKay.

Where souls with hopes and dreams may run
no race.

Such heaven were but a hell to me,
Devoid of all progression, I should rot
Or shout for revolution wide and far.
Better some simple task, a spirit free
To act along the lines of self-forgot,
Or help God make a blossom of a star."

Beyond, we shall find ourselves in a great land of spiritual opportunity and challenge. With clearer eyes we shall see the truth. Our baser moods will fall away in the warm sunshine of His nearer Presence. The person we might have been will slowly replace the person we are. And God will give us a task that will have redemption and happiness running through it like the song of a brook. Imagine how you would greet those that pass through the veil, and the place you would prepare for them. I would gladly trust myself to the Best you could imagine. How glorious to know that we trust ourselves and our loved ones, not to the best of an imperfect human but to the best of One who blends perfect love and perfect justice in the splendour of His Being.

Sunshine Verse

1. With the Children 1-3	6. The Way of Good Cheer 32-36
2. Self-Dedication 4-9	7. Home 37-48
3. Gifts of Life 10-12	8. The Inner Sanctuary 44-52
4. Life in Christ 13-20	9. The Life of Prayer 53-61
5. Neighbouring 21-31	10. The Valley of the Shadow 62-End

Again I must apologize for the fact that many of the verses are published without mention of the author. Their names have unfortunately been lost "in transit." Either the scissors snipped too closely, or else, in the written M.S. sent in to me, only the bare poem was transcribed. If our readers will supply us with the information which at present we lack, we will gladly, in subsequent editions, give acknowledgement where it is due. Also, it is possible that in some instances I may have overstepped the bounds of copyright. The section following is a collection of driftwood, rather than a literary compilation, therefore I have taken liberties in gathering my armful by the sea-shore, that I could not have taken with your wood-pile in your backyard! Moreover, we are non-commercial in our intention; every cent of profit benefits our work among the sick and aged. Judge then our sins of omission and commission in the light of the above facts. G. N. L.

1 A CHILD'S PRAYER

I was in Heaven one day when all the prayers
Came in, and angels bore them up the stairs
Unto a place where he
Who was ordained such ministry
Should sort them, so that in that palace
bright

The presence-chamber might be duly dight;
For they were like to flowers of various
bloom;
And a divine fragrance filled the room.

Then did I see how the great sorter chose
One flower that seemed to me a hedgling
rose,

And from the tangled press
Of that irregular loveliness

Set it apart—and—"This," I heard him say,
"Is for the Master"; so upon his way
He would have passed; then I to him:
"Whence is this rose, O thou of cherubim
The chiefest?"—"Know'st thou not?" he
said and smiled,
"This is the first prayer of a little child."

—T. E. Brown

2 A CHILD'S CAROL

Sweet Jesu, human and divine,
O grant this loving wish of mine;
Come Thou to wash my heart from shame
And write therein Thy sweetest name:
On all I am or hope to be,
Write with the blood once shed for me.

Sweet Jesu, in a stable born,
O come and wake me every morn;
Come Thou with me along the way,
In all my work and all my play.
Through day and night my comrade be,
That I may wake and sleep with Thee.

—Arthur L. Salmon.

(Based on an old Flemish Carol).

3 FROM A CHILD'S PRAYER

Little Jesus, wast Thou shy
Once, and just as small as I?
And what did it feel like to be
Out of Heaven, and just like me?

Didst Thou sometimes think of there,
And ask where all the angels were?
I should think that I would cry
For my house all made of sky;
I would look about the air,
And wonder where my angels were;
And at waking 'twould distress me—
Not an angel there to dress me!

Hadst Thou ever any toys,
Like us little girls and boys?
And didst Thou play in Heaven with all
The angels that were not too tall,
With stars for marbles? Did the things
Play "Can you see me?" through their
wings?

And did Thy mother let Thee spoil
Thy robes with playing on our soil?
How nice to have them always new
In Heaven, because 'twas quite clean blue!

Didst Thou kneel at night to pray,
And didst Thou join Thy hands, this way?
And did they tire sometimes, being young,
And make the prayer seem very long?
And dost Thou like it best that we
Should join our hands to pray to Thee?
I used to think, before I knew,
The prayer not said unless we do.
And did Thy mother at the night
Kiss Thee and fold the clothes in right?
And didst Thou feel quite good in bed,
Kiss'd, and sweet, and Thy prayers said?

Thou canst not have forgotten all
That it feels like to be small:
And Thou know'st I cannot pray
To Thee in my father's way—
When 'Thou wast so little, say,
Couldst Thou talk Thy Father's way?—
So, a little Child, come down
And hear a child's tongue like Thy own;
Take me by the hand and walk,
And listen to my baby talk.

To Thy Father show my prayer
(He will look, Thou art so fair),
And say: "O Father, I, Thy Son,
Bring the prayer of a little one."

And He will smile, that children's tongue
Has not changed since Thou wast young!
—Francis Thompson.



A GROUP OF OUR SOLOISTS ON THE BROADCAST

(For names see page 25)

4 THE CONQUEROR

I will go forth 'mong men
 Not mailed in scorn
 But in the armour of a pure intent.
 Great duties are before me and great songs,
 And whether crowned or crownless when I
 fall,
 It matters not so as God's work is done.
 I've learned to prize the quiet lightning deed,
 Not the applauding thunder at its heels
 Which men call Fame.

—Alexander Smith.

5 TODAY

Will you be strong, Today? Of course, I
 know,
 Tomorrow you will be.
 I see determination deep in you,
 As power sleeps in the sea.
 I know the man you think you will become;
 Just now, I hear you say:
 "Tomorrow, I will 'hit the trail' to Worth."
 Why not be strong Today?

Will you be kind, Today? And now again,
 I note your inward pledge.
 Yet, for today, your temper whets your
 tongue
 Sharp as a razor's edge.
 In bitter moments all your cruel words,
 Upon your conscience weigh.
 You vow to give a smile for every frown—
 Why not be kind Today?

Will you forgive, Today? I know the
 cankered wound,
 That aches within you yet.
 And still, I feel the pulse of your high hope,
 "Some day, I will forget."
 Do you reflect the mean and dirty acts
 Their senders will repay?
 Can you afford to hug slights to your heart?
 Why not forgive, Today?

Tomorrow is the paradise of dupes;
 The day when hoboes work;
 When drunkards sober up; when fools grow
 wise;
 And dullards cease to shirk.
 The time when dead-beats pay. Tomorrow's
 great,
 And glorious—but say—
 If you would be all that you dream and pray,
 Wake up! Begin Today!
 —Dr. W. J. Holland.

6 NOW IS THE TIME TO LIVE

Forget the past and live the present hour;
 Now is the time to work, the time to fill
 The soul with noblest thoughts, the time to
 will

Heroic deeds, to use whatever dower
 Heaven has bestowed, to test our utmost
 power.

Now is the time to live, and, better still,
 To serve our loved ones; over passing ill
 To rise triumphant; thus the perfect flower
 Of life shall come to fruitage; wealth amass
 For grandest giving ere the time be gone.
 Be glad today—tomorrow may bring tears;
 Be brave today, the darkest night will pass
 And golden days will usher in the dawn;
 Who conquers now shall rule the coming
 years.

7 THE NEXT STEP

I leave with God tomorrow's where and how,
 And do concern myself but with the Now,
 That little word, though half the future's
 length,
 Well used, holds twice its meaning and its
 strength.

Like one blindfolded groping out his way,
 I will not try to touch beyond today.
 Since all the future is concealed from sight
 I need but strive to make the next step right.

That done, the next, and so on, till I find
 Perchance some day I am no longer blind,
 And looking up, behold a radiant Friend
 Who says, "Rest, now, for you have reached
 the end."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

8 THE NEW YEAR

I am the New Year, and I come to you pure
 and unstained,
 Fresh from the hand of God.
 Every day, a precious pearl to you is given
 That you must string upon the silver thread
 of Life.
 Once strung can never be unthreaded but
 stays
 An undying record of your faith and skill.

Each golden, minute link, you then must weld
 into the chain of hours
 That is no stronger than its weakest link.
 Into your hands is given all the wealth and
 power
 To make your life just what you will.

I give to you, free and untinted, twelve
 glorious months
 Of soothing rain and sunshine golden;
 The days for work and rest, the nights for
 peaceful slumber.
 All that I have I give with love unspoken.
 All that I ask—you keep the faith unbroken!
 —J. D. Templeton.

9 IF LIFE BE BRIEF

If life be brief, make all its days more sweet
 For those who touch our lives; fill full
 the cup
 With nectar rare for those who come to
 sup
 With us. Let none seek other draft more
 meet.

If life be brief, then treasure every throb
 Of loving hearts; shed sunshine far and
 near
 On lives deep shadowed, filled with fret
 and fear;
 Each moment soothe some grief and stay
 some sob.

If life be brief, then champion thou the weak
 Whose cause is just, and stand with him
 alone
 If need demands. Let not thy heart be
 stone
 When Justice fails and Might treads low the
 meek.

If life be brief—still, moments stretch to days!
 Then fill each hour with tender love and
 thought
 For others' care and weal. Thy life, so
 wrought,
 Shall make thee live in others' lives always.

If life be brief, count all thy days in deeds,
 Not years. The sum of life is work well
 done.
 Then labor fast in calm or storm. The sun
 Ne'er sets for those who follow where He
 leads.

If life be brief, then quicken fast thy pace,
 And serve thy fellows, be they high or
 low;
 Thy God is pleased with what thou dost
 bestow
 On those who humbly seek His glorious face.
 —I. H. Evans.

10 THESE ARE THE GIFTS I ASK

These are the gifts I ask
 Of thee, Spirit serene:
 Strength for the daily task,
 Courage to face the road,
 Good cheer to help me bear the traveller's
 load,
 And, for the hours of rest that come between,
 An inward joy in all things heard and seen.

These are the sins I fain
 Would have thee take away:
 Malice and cold disdain,
 Hot anger, sullen hate,
 Scorn of the lowly, envy of the great,
 And discontent that casts a shadow gray
 On all the brightness of the common day.

—Henry van Dyke.

11 GIFTS

They brought their gifts to please a baby
 King:
 Their fragrant incense and their glittering
 gold.
 What gifts can I put in His hands today
 For Him to love and hold?
 What can I offer from my heart's full cup
 To please a Christ grown-up?

What can I give, Thee, Master? And I hear
 His voice in answer: "Inasmuch as ye
 Have done it unto one of the least of these,
 Ye have done it unto Me."
 Each thought for others, each small kindness
 shown,
 He claims them for His own.

They are such selfless gifts He asks of me:
 The little common deeds of every day;
 Small services my hands can find to do—
 The words my tongue can say.
 Strange gifts, it seems, to lay before a King,
 Yet all He bids me bring.
 —Grace Noll Crowell.

12 THE THREE KINGS' ROAD

When all the tinsel has been laid away,
 The tree is stripped, the fevered rush is
 past—
 You still have trees, a hill, a child at play,
 And love, and prayer, and fadeless things
 that last.
 Wear your proud purple underneath your
 load!
 Touch hand with one who travels lone,
 afar!
 Brave your dark night and walk the Three
 Kings' road
 To find your Christ beneath His lovely
 star!

He loves, I know, our pretty baubled trees,
 Our busy shops, our laughter young and
 gay,
 Our ribboned gifts—have we no gifts but
 these?
 No bright, red wreaths except for
 Christmas day?
 Though broken is some toy beneath your
 feet,
 Some dear illusion shattered, or grown
 dim—
 The Three Kings' road goes by your dusty
 street
 That leads up to a star—and Him.

—Anna Blake Mezquida.

13 FORGIVE

Forgive, O Lord, our severing ways,
The rival altars that we raise,
The wrangling tongues that mar thy praise!

Thy grace impart! In time to be
Shall one great temple rise to Thee,—
Thy Church our broad humanity.

White flowers of love its walls shall climb,
Soft bells of peace shall ring its chime,
Its days shall all be holy time.

A sweeter song shall then be heard,
Confessing, in a world's accord,
The inward Christ, the living Word.

That song shall swell from shore to shore.
One hope, one faith, one love restore
The seamless robe that Jesus wore.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

14 GRADATIM

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by
round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step towards God,
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under feet;
By what we have mastered of good and
gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way,
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and
pray,
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire
walls;

But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.
—J. G. Holland.

15 COMPANION CHRIST

The day is long and the day is hard,
We are tired of the march and of keeping
guard,
Tired of the sense of a fight to be won,
Of days to live through, and of work to be
done;
Tired of ourselves, and of being alone,

Yet all the while did we only see
We walk in the Lord's own company.

We fight, but 'tis He who nerves our arm,
He turns the arrow that else might harm,
And out of the storm He brings a calm;
And the work that we count so hard to do
He makes it easy, for He works too;
And the days that seem long to live are His,
A bit of His bright eternities,
And close to our need, His helping is.

16 HE WORKED

He worked! It is enough
That His own hands were
Tarnished with the stuff.
He knew the law's demands
For daily bread, the tasks,
The toils, the rude tools of His day;
The sweating face; nor did He ask,
In all His time, an easier way.

With hammer, saw and awkward wrench,
He proved Himself the man.
Though Spirit-born, by the rude bench
He joined our race and ran
Its rugged course to where it ends.
While of a holier life He taught,
To which the soul ascends,
He lived, He wept, He wrought
With us—He called us friends.

—J. N. Scholes.

17 THE CARPENTER

I don't know right where His shed must ha'
stood—
But often, as I've been a-planing my wood,
I've took off my hat, just with thinking of He
At the same work as me.

He warn't that set up that He couldn't stoop
down
And work in the country for folks in the
town;
And I'll warrant He felt a bit proud, like I've
done,
At a good job begun . . .

So I comes right away by mysen, with the
Book,
And I turns the old pages and has a good
look

For the text as I've found, as tells me as He
Were the same trade as me.
—Catherine C. Liddell.

18 THE CHRIST OF THE
CROWDED WAYS

Where cross the crowded ways of life,
Where sound the cries of race and clan,
Above the noise of selfish strife,
We hear Thy voice, O Son of Man.

In haunts of wretchedness and need,
On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
From paths where hide the lures of greed,
We catch the vision of Thy tears.

From tender childhood's helplessness,
From woman's grief, man's burdened toil,
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress,
Thy heart has never known recoil.

O Master, from the mountain side
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain;
Among these restless throngs abide,
O tread the city's streets again;

Till sons of men shall learn Thy love,
And follow where Thy feet have trod;
Till glorious from Thy Heaven above,
Shall come the City of our God.
—Frank Mason North.

19 IF HE SHOULD COME

If Jesus should tramp the streets tonight,
Storm-beaten and hungry for bread,
Seeking a room and a candle light
And a clean though humble bed,
Who would welcome the Workman in,
Though He came with panting breath,
His hands all bruised and His garments thin,
This Workman from Nazareth?

Would rich folk hurry to bind His bruise
And shelter His stricken form?
Would they take God in with His muddy
shoes

Out of the pitiless storm?
Are they not too busy wreathing their flowers
Or heaping their golden store—
Too busy chasing the bubble hours
For the poor man's God at the door?

And if He should come where churchmen
brow,
Forgetting the greater sin,
Would He pause with a light on His wounded
brow,

Would He turn and enter in?
And what would He think of their creeds
so dim,
Of their weak, uplifted hands,
Of their selfish prayers going up to Him
Out of a thousand lands?

—Edwin Markham.

20 ROOM FOR HIM! ROOM!

Children of yesterday, heirs of tomorrow,
What are you weaving? Labor and sorrow?
Look to your looms again: Faster and faster
Fly the great shuttles prepared by the Master,
Life's in the loom: Room for it! Room!

Children of yesterday, heirs of tomorrow,
Lighten the labor and sweeten the sorrow;
Now, while the shuttles fly faster and faster,
Up, and be at it. At work with the Master.
He stands at your loom: Room for Him!
Room!

Children of yesterday, heirs of tomorrow,
Look at your fabric of labor and sorrow,
Seamy and dark with despair and disaster,
Turn it—and lo! The design of the Master.
The Lord's at the loom.
Room for Him! Room!

21 FRIENDSHIP

Oh, who will walk a mile with me,
Along life's merry way?
A comrade blithe and full of glee,
Who dares to laugh out loud and free,
And lets his frolic fancy play,
Like a happy child, through the flowers
gay
That fill the field, and fringe the way,
Where he walks a mile with me.

And who will walk a mile with me,
Along life's weary way;
A friend whose heart has eyes to see
The stars shine out o'er the darkening lea,
And the quiet rest at the end of the day—
A friend who knows, and dares to say,
The brave, sweet words that cheer the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

With such a comrade, such a friend,
I fain would walk till journey's end,
Through summer sunshine, winter rain,
And then? Farewell, we shall meet again.
—Henry Van Dyke.

22 WAITING

I could say nice things about him; I could
praise him if I would;
I could tell about his kindness, for he's always
doing good.
I could boast him as he journeys o'er the
road of life today;
But I let him pass in silence, and I've not a
word to say;
For I'm one of those now waiting—ere a
word of praise is said,
Or a word of comfort uttered—till the friend
we love is dead.

I could speak of yonder brother as a man
it's good to know;
And perhaps he'd like to hear it, as he
journeys here below.
I could tell the world about him, and his
virtues all recall,
But at present he is living, and it wouldn't
do at all;
So I'm waiting, yes, I'm waiting, till the spark
of life is fled;
Ere I raise my voice to praise him I must
know that he is dead.

I appreciate the kindness that he's often
shown to me,
And it will not be forgotten when I speak
his eulogy.
I should like to stand in public and proclaim

him "friend of mine";
 But it isn't customary, so I give the world
 no sign
 Of my love for yonder brother, who has often
 helped me here;
 I am waiting ere I praise him, till I stand
 before his bier.

23 A NEIGHBOR'S PRAYER

Lord, let me have the vision broad
 That sees beyond the trivial cares,
 That is not bound by petty walls
 Built from other folk's affairs,
 But looks away unto the hills
 And sees the love our Father shares.

Oh, grant to me the hearing keen
 That harkens not to idle words,
 Lists to no gossip small and mean
 Nor by intent a lie avers,
 But hears from distant field and wood
 The praiseful happy songs of birds.

Let me not join in fretful talk
 Of hurts, and real or fancied slight,
 Nor do a deed that I would wish
 To hide from Thy perceiving sight,
 But find the magnitude of life
 In Thy great power and truth and might.

24 DIM MINE EYES

Lord, point my sight to all the good
 That lurks behind another's mood;
 And make mine eyes a little dim
 To what of ill I find in him.

Help me to judge (so wiser grown)
 His faults—as oft I do my own;
 Thus shall I find my sin's excuse
 Swift furnished for my neighbor's use.

Daunt me with knowledge of the beam
 My puff-up thought ne'er dark did dream
 Ah! keep me humble as I note
 Within my brother's eye the mote.

Oh Lord, shed light, I pray thee, where
 Deep dints of sorry flights I bear;
 Then point my sight to all the good
 Within my friend misunderstood;
 And make mine eyes more daily dim
 To the small ill I find in him.

—Mary M. Churchod.

25 WHICH ARE YOU?

There are two kinds of people on earth
 today;
 Just two kinds of people, no more, I say.
 Not the sinner and saint, for it's well under-
 stood,
 The good are half bad, and the bad are half
 good.

Not the rich and the poor, for to rate a man's
 wealth,

You must first know the state of his con-
 science and health.

Not the humble and proud, for in life's little
 span,

Who puts on vain airs, is not counted a man.

Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying
 years

Bring each man his laughter and each man
 his tears.

No; the two kinds of people on earth I mean.
 Are the people who lift, and the people who
 lean.

Wherever you go, you will find the earth's
 masses

Are always divided in just these two classes.
 And, oddly enough, you will find too, I ween,
 There's only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the
 load

Of overtaxed lifters, who toil down the road?
 Or are you a leaner, who lets others share
 Your portion of labor, and worry and care?

26 BECAUSE OF THY GREAT BOUNTY

Because I have been given much,
 I, too, shall give.
 Because of Thy great bounty, Lord,
 Each day I live
 I shall divide my gifts from Thee
 With every brother that I see
 Who has the need of help from me.

Because I have been sheltered, fed,
 By Thy good care,
 I can not see another's lack
 And I not share
 My glowing fire, my loaf of bread,
 My roof's safe shelter overhead.
 That he, too, may be comforted.

Because love has been lavished so
 Upon me, Lord,
 A wealth I know that was not meant
 For me to hoard,
 I shall give love to those in need,
 The cold and hungry clothe and feed,
 Thus shall I show my thanks indeed.
 —Grace Noll Crowell.

27 ARE YOU A BRIDGE BUILDER?

An old man going a lone highway
 Came at evening, cold and gray,
 To a chasm vast and deep and wide.
 The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
 The sullen stream had no fear for him;
 But he turned when safe on the other side
 And built a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
 "You are wasting your strength with build-
 ing here,

Your journey will end with the ending day;
 You never again will pass this way;
 You've crossed the chasm deep and wide,
 Why build you this bridge at eventide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head,
 "Good friend, in the path I've come," he
 said,

"There followeth after me today
 A youth whose feet must pass this way;
 This chasm that has been naught to me,
 To that fair youth may a pitfall be;
 He, too, must cross in the twilight dim—
 Good friend, I'm building this bridge for
 him."

28 A NURSE'S PRAYER

I dedicate myself to Thee, O Lord my God.
 This work I undertake
 Alone in Thy great Name and for Thy sake.
 In ministering to suffering I would learn
 The sympathy that in Thy heart did burn
 For those who on life's weary way
 Unto diseases divers are a prey.

Take then my eyes and teach them to
 perceive
 The ablest way each sick one to relieve.
 Guide Thou my hands that e'en their touch
 may prove
 The gentleness and aptness born of love.
 Bless Thou my feet and while they softly
 tread
 May faces smile on many a sufferer's bed.
 Touch Thou my lips, guide Thou my tongue,
 Give me a word in season for each one.

Clothe me with patient strength all tasks to
 bear,
 Crown me with hope and love that know no
 fear,
 And faith that coming face to face with death
 Shall e'en inspire with joy the dying breath.
 All through the arduous day my actions
 guide,
 And through the lonely night watch by my
 side,
 So shall I wake with strength refreshed to
 pray,
 "Work in me, with me, through me, Lord,
 this day".

29 THE TRIBE OF HELPERS

The ways of the world are full of haste and
 turmoil;
 I will sing of the tribe of helpers who travel
 in peace.

He that turneth from the road to rescue
 another,
 Turneth toward his goal;

He shall arrive in time by the foot-path of
 mercy,
 God will be his guide.

He that taketh up the burden of the fainting,
 Lighteneth his own load;
 The Almighty will put His arms underneath
 him,
 He shall lean upon the Lord.

He that speaketh comfortable words to
 mourners,
 Healeth his own hurt;
 In the time of grief they will come to his
 remembrance;
 God will use them for balm.

He that careth for a wounded brother,
 Watcheth not alone;
 There are three in the darkness together,
 And the third is the Lord.

Blessed is the way of the helpers,
 The companions of the Christ.
 Van Dyke.

30 THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES

The night has a thousand eyes,
 And the day but one;
 Yet the light of the bright world dies
 With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
 And the heart but one;
 Yet the light of a whole life dies
 When love is done.
 —F. W. Bourdillon.

31 LOVE THE FULFILMENT

Love is life's end (an end, but never ending)
 All joys, all sweets, all happiness award-
 ing;
 Love is life's wealth (ne'er spent, but ever
 spending),
 More rich by giving, taking by discarding;
 Love's life's reward, rewarded in rewarding;
 Then from thy wretched heart fond care
 remove;
 Ah! should thou live but once love's sweets
 to prove,
 Thou wilt not love to live unless thou live
 to love.

32 YOUR HOUSE OF HAPPINESS

Take what God gives, O heart of mine,
 And build your house of happiness.
 Perchance some have been given more;
 But many have been given less.
 The treasure lying at your feet,
 Whose value you but faintly guess,
 Another builder looking on,
 Would barter heaven to possess.



THE VESPER HOUR QUARTETTE

Mr. Albert Kent (tenor), Mrs. L. A. Maxwell (soprano), Mrs. Wm. Ireland (contralto), Dr. Carmen Johnson (bass).

Have you found work that you can do?
 Is there a heart that loves you best?
 Is there a spot somewhere called home
 Where, spent and worn, your soul may
 rest?
 A friendly tree? A book? A song?
 A dog that loves your hand's caress?
 A store of health to meet life's needs?
 Oh, build your house of happiness!

Trust not tomorrow's dawn to bring
 The dreamed-of joy for which you wait;
 You have enough of pleasant things
 To house your soul in goodly state.
 Tomorrow Time's relentless stream
 May bear what now you have away;
 Take what God gives, O heart, and build
 Your house of happiness today!

—B. Y. Williams.

33 THE TEACHER

There's much to learn from laughter
 We could not learn from sighs.
 For mirth is kin to morning
 And radiant rosy skies.

And laughing lips are wisest;
 They speak no bitter word,
 But send their gladness winging
 To heaven like a bird.

For joy can win us friendship
 And love which will abide
 Long after colder learning
 From out our thoughts has died.

Oh, Laughter, merry teacher,
 Do not forsake us long;
 But bring our ways to brighten
 Your younger brother, Song!

There's much to learn from laughter
 That tears could never give,
 For laughter lends us courage
 A fuller life to live!

—Aline Michaells.

34 RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS

I searched the world for happiness,
 A surcease from my pain,
 But though I travelled far and near,
 My search was all in vain.

I sought at last a wise old sage;
 To him I told my tale.
 "Pray tell me what is wrong," I asked,
 "And why I always fail?"

He looked me and smiled, "My son,
 Real happiness is cheap.
 The wherewithal with which to buy
 Within your soul you keep.

"A singing heart—unselfish love—
 The price that you must pay.
 The only happiness you'll keep
 Is what you give away."

—Laura Jean Mack.

35

PETITION

Give me a good digestion, Lord,
 And something to digest;
 Give me a healthy body, Lord,
 With sense to keep it at its best;
 Give me a healthy mind, Good Lord,
 To keep the good and pure in sight,
 Which, seeing sin, is not appalled,
 But finds a way to set it right.
 Give me a mind that is not bored,
 That does not whimper, whine or sigh;
 Don't let me worry overmuch,
 About the fussy thing called "I".
 Give me a sense of humour, Lord;
 Give me the grace to see a joke,
 To get some happiness in life,
 And pass it on to other folk.
 (Old prayer found in Chester Cathedral.)

36

WAITING

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
 Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
 I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
 For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
 For what avails this eager pace?
 I stand amid the eternal ways,
 And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
 The friends I seek are seeking me;
 No wind can drive my bark astray,
 Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
 I wait with joy the coming years;
 My heart shall reap where it hath sown,
 And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
 The brook that springs in vonder heights;
 So flows the good with equal law
 Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
 The tidal wave comes to the sea;
 Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
 Can keep my own away from me.
 —John Burroughs.

37 EARTH'S COMMON THINGS

Seek not afar for beauty. Lo! it glows
 In dew-wet grasses all about thy feet;
 In birds, in sunshine, childish faces sweet,
 In stars and mountain summits topped with
 snows.

Go not abroad for happiness. For see,
 It is a flower that blooms at thy door!
 Bring love and justice home, and then no
 more
 Thou'lt wonder in what dwelling joy may be.

Dream not of noble service elsewhere wrought;

The simple duty that awaits thy hand
Is God's voice uttering a divine command,
Life's common deeds build all that saints
have thought.

In wonder-workings, or some bush aflame,
Men look for God and fancy him concealed;

But in earth's common things he stands revealed
While grass and flowers and stars spell out
his name.

—Minot J. Savage.

38

TRIFLES

The massive gates of circumstance
Are turned upon the smallest hinge;
And thus some seeming pettiest chance
Oft gives our life its after tinge.

The trifles of our daily lives,
The common things scarce worth recall,
Whereof no visible trace survives,
These are the mainsprings, after all.

39 THE LORD'S HOME

I think our Lord, were He to come on earth
And choose with His own eyes a dwelling
place,
Would have it not too big and not too grand,
But grey and kindly, sweetened with the
grace
Of all old things.

I think that He would like
No garish splendor and no gross display,
A house that had a tenderness for all
Who hungered and who happened by that
way;
A house whose door was open to the street;
A house whose roof looked upward to the
sky;
Whose windows set a light of comforting
Upon their sills for strangers passing by.

How rich a hospitality this house
Would have! The filling bread, the living
wine,
The lavish hand to give, the list'ning ear,
The heart o'erflowing with a love divine.

I think our Lord, were He to happen on
So sweet a place, would smile and whisper
then:
"Blest be this little house and Heaven be here
To all who come a-seeking it. Amen."

40 OUR HOUSE GOD'S HOME

Thy kingdom come! Yea, bid it come!
But when Thy kingdom first began
On earth, Thy kingdom was a home,
A child, a woman, and a man.

The child was in the midst thereof,
O, blessed Jesus, holiest One!
The centre and the fount of love,
Mary and Joseph's little Son.

Wherever on the earth shall be
A child, a woman, and a man,
Imaging that sweet trinity
Wherewith Thy kingdom first began.

Establish there Thy kingdom! Yea,
And o'er that trinity of love
Send down, as in Thy appointed day,
The brooding spirit of Thy Dove!
—Katherine Tynan.

41

THE COMPANION

He found my house upon the hill,
I made the bed and swept the floor,
And labored solitary, till
He entered at the open door.

He sat with me to break my fast,
He blessed the bread and poured the wine,
And spoke such friendly words, at last
I knew not were they His or mine.

But only when He rose and went,
And left the twilight in the door,
I found my hands were more content
To make a bed and sweep a floor.
—Gerald Gould.

42

MOTHERS

God, be kind to mothers
With cookie jars to fill,
And funny lullabies to sing
When dusk blows down the hill.
Who scrub small children's faces
When early school bells ring,
And let a boy bring puppies home,
Or bugs, or anything.

God, be kind to mothers
When it is candle-time,
And children's rounded voices
Say prayers in ordered rhyme.
May there be special blessings
At night, when houses sleep,
On all the mothers everywhere
Who have child hearts to keep.

43

THE HAPPY HOME

A happy home; how shall it be attained?
Not by the way the wood is carved and
stained;
Not by the polished mantel or the stair,
Not by the treasures safely sheltered there;
But by the joys, the laughter and the din
Which those who cross its threshold carry in.

Glad hearts which wake to greet the morning
^{SUN}
 Make fair the work the builder's hand has
 done.
 And dark these rooms and gloomy all the
 while,
 Silent these walls and solemn every thing
 If no one here a merry song will sing.

Think you a house has stored within itself
 Like bottled olives on the pantry shelf,
 The joys you need and sigh for day by day?
 Do you expect the painted walls to play?
 If with delight you'd this home glow,
 You who abide herein must make it so.

Welcome the friends who gladly come to call.
 Cherish the children racing through the hall!
 Here let their laughter ring that none may
^{say}

That he is happier when he is away,
 If from this house contentment you would
^{win}
 Fling wide the door and let contentment in.

44 THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY

Man has explored all countries and all lands,
 And made his own the secrets of each clime.
 Now, ere the world has fully reached its
 prime,
 The oval earth lies compassed with steel
 bands,
 The seas are slaves to ships that touch all
 strands,
 And even the haught elements, sublime
 And bold, yield him their secrets for all
 time,
 And speed like lackeys forth at his com-
 mands.

Still, though he search from shore to distant
 shore,
 And no strange realms, no unlocated plains
 Are left for his attainment and control,
 Yet is there one more kingdom to explore.
 Go, know thyself, O man! there yet remains
 The undiscovered country of thy soul!

45 THE RICHES WITHIN

In the still air, the music lies unheard;
 In the rough marble, beauty lies unseen:
 To make the music and the beauty, needs
 The master's touch, and the sculptor's
 chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with Thy skilful hand,
 Let not the music that is in us die.
 Great Sculptor, hew and polish us, nor let
 Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie.

Spare not the stroke, do with us as Thou
 wilt;

Let there be nought unfinished, broken,
 marred;

Complete Thy purpose, that we may become
 Thy perfect image, Thou our God and
 Lord. —Horatius Bonar.

46

SANCTUARY

Let us put by some hour of every day
 For holy things! Whether it be when dawn
 Peers through the windowpane, or when the
^{moon}
 Flames like a burnished topaz in the vault,
 Or when the thrush pours in the ear of eve
 Its plaintive monody; some little hour
 Wherein to hold rapt converse with the soul
 From sordidness or self a sanctuary
 Swept by the winnowing of unseen wings,
 And touched by the White Light ineffable.
 —Clinton Scollard.

47 IN THE CASTLE OF MY SOUL

In the castle of my soul there is a little
^{postern gate}
 Where, when I enter, I am in the presence
 of God.
 In a moment, in a turning of a thought,
 I am where God is.

When I meet God there all life gains a new
 meaning,
 Small things become great, and great things
 small,
 Lowly and despised things are shot through
 with glory.

My troubles seem but the pebbles on the
 road,
 My joys seem like the everlasting hills,
 All my fever is gone in the great peace of
 God,
 And I pass through the door from Time into
 Eternity.

48

A HERO SOUL

Fix thy gaze, not on thy fallen self,
 But on that higher self attainable;
 For we become like that we gaze upon.
 God's thought for thee, imperishably pure,
 is in thee yet.

God sees the perfect in the rough,
 Not what thou art, but what thou mayest
 become,

God takes His measure by.

Heroes are made by failures;
 Better to fall than not to climb;
 Better to fail than not to try.

Ask the bright heaven to shine upon thy
 way

Till thou canst see it.

Then through gloom or what thing else
 may come, go on!

Make for the highest, believe the best,
 then lo!

Thou shalt be stronger than events,
 A hero Soul.

49 YIELDING ALL

"Our wills are ours to make them Thine."

Laid on Thine altar, O my Lord divine,
Accept this gift today, for Jesus' sake.
I have no jewels to adorn Thy shrine,
Nor any world-famed sacrifice to make;
But here I bring within my trembling hand
This will of mine—a thing that seemeth
small—

And Thou alone, O Lord, canst understand,
How when I yield Thee this, I yield mine
all.

Hidden therein Thy searching gaze can see
Struggles of passion, visions of delight;
All that I have or am or fain would be,
Deep loves, fond hopes and longings
infinite.

It hath been wet with tears and dimmed with
sighs,
Clenched in my grasp till beauty hath it
none,
Now from Thy footstool where it vanquished
lies,
The prayer ascendeth—may Thy will be
done.

Take it, O Father, ere my courage fail,
And merge it so in Thine own will, that
e'en
If in some desperate hour my cries prevail,
And Thou give back my gift, it may have
been
So changed, so purified, so fair have grown.
So one with Thee, so filled with peace
divine,
I may not know or feel it as mine own,
But gaining back my will may find it Thine.

50 VISION

Give me not scenes more charming; give me
eyes
To see the beauty that around me lies;
To read the trails of souls, see angels shy
Among the faces of the passers-by.

I do not ask for sweeter music than
The common, daily Symphony of Man,
Could I but grasp its counterpoint, and see
How each discord melts toward harmony.

I do not ask for more to seek and love me,
I do not ask for brighter eyes to move me,
But sharper sense, to miss no hailing sign
Of fellowship in spirit seeking mine.

No golden shore I seek, but a heart that
sings
The exquisite delight of common things.
The Kingdom of Heaven is not There, but
Here . . .
O for the seeing eye and hearing ear!

—Frank Crane.

51 LEISURE

What is life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows.

No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels have their nuts in grass.

No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like skies at night.

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance!

No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began.

A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.
—William H. Davies.

52 THE PRISONER

I stay a prisoner in the space that life's
allotted me,
Yet, wandering ever where it lists, my
laughing soul goes free,
Climbing with joy the wooded hills and
winging o'er the sea.

Life has its little path for me that I must
tread each day,
The petty round of deeds to do, the things
to put away,
The tidying up, the washing down, the stray
sweet spells of play.

Yet out beyond that narrow way my heart
breathes in the air
Of warm sweet plains, of wide-spread pines,
pastures green and fair;
My hands and feet perform their tasks, my
mind goes wandering there.

Perhaps in aeons past I trod the ways my
soul now flies,
Perhaps my eyes were born to see the blue
and burnished skies,
And watch the sun in other lands on other
scenes arise.

I do not know, I only ask, though my soul
will not stay,
Close-set beside the task I do, the duty
planned each day,
My work may full fair be done, complete
when laid away.

And so I keep the little path that life's
allotted me,
Content to do my task each day, but let my
soul go free
For all the laughter of the world that it
brings back to me.

—Maude G. Tyler.

53

PRAYER

Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in Thy presence will avail to make!
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take;
What parched grounds refresh, as with a
shower!

We kneel, and all around us seem to lower;
We rise, and all the distant and the near
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and
clear!

We kneel, how weak! we rise, how full of
power!

Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this
wrong,

Or others, that we are not always strong;
That we are ever overborne with care;
That we should ever weak or heartless be
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy and strength and courage are with
Thee?

—Archbishop Trench.

54

A PILGRIM PRAYS

So long I have been guarded by Your power,
Up many a tangled path and stony hill,
And now, dear Lord, through this strange
darkened hour,
Be with me still.

Be with me for the way is long and lonely,
I am bewildered and I can not see,
But Lord, I shall not be afraid, if only
You walk with me.

If only I can some way keep recalling
The darkened road I travelled in the past,
How, after You long guarded me from
falling,
Light shone at last,

Then surely, Lord, I can go forward, knowing
That somewhere on the hills the light will
dawn,
And I shall reach it safely, if in going
You still lead on.

—Grace Noll Crowell.

55 PRAYER FOR A DAY'S
WALK

God let me find the lonely ones
Among the throng today,
And let me say the word to take
The loneliness away:
So many walk with aching hearts
Along the old highway.

So many walk with breaking hearts,
And no one understands;
They find the roadway rough and steep
Across the barren lands;
God help me lighten weary eyes,
And strengthen nerveless hands.

God help me brighten dreary eyes,

And let my own grief be

A sure reminder of the grief

Of those who walk with me.

When words fail—hands fail—let me go
In silent sympathy.

—Grace Noll Crowell.

56

THERE IS A ROOM

My problems are so great today!

There is a room where I must go
And close the door, and kneel to pray,
And only God shall know.

A room where I have often knelt,
And agonized, and prayed, and plead,
Until, all comforted, I felt
God's hand upon my head.

A room I seek when I am glad,
To thank the Giver of it all.
Without Him I should not have had
These joys I have, at all.

Within my house is one small room,
A haven from distress and care.
I turn to it—and through the gloom
Seek God, and find Him there.
—Grace Noll Crowell.

57

PRAYER TIME

The while she darns her children's socks,
She prays for little stumbling feet;
Each folded pair within its box
Fits faith's bright sandals, sure and fleet.

While washing out, with mother pains,
Small dusty suits and frocks and slips
She prays that God may cleanse the stains
From little hearts and hands and lips.

And when she breaks the fragrant bread,
Or pours each portion in its cup,
For grace to keep their spirits fed,
Her mother-heart is lifted up.

O busy ones, whose souls grow faint,
Whose tasks seem longer than the day,
It doesn't take a cloistered saint
To find a little time to pray!

—R. W. Tobias.

58 PRAYER AT MIDNIGHT

Turn Thou the key upon our thoughts, dear
Lord,

And let us sleep;
Give us our portions of forgetfulness,
Silent and deep.

Lay Thou Thy quiet hand upon our eyes,
To close their sight;

Shut out the shining of the moon and stars,
And candlelight.

Keep back the phantoms and the visions sad,
 The shades of grey,
 The fears that so haunt the little hours
 Before the day.
 Quiet the time-worn questions that are all
 Unanswered yet;
 Take from the spent and troubled souls
 Their vain regret.
 And lead us far into Thy silent land
 That we may go
 Like children out across the field o' dreams
 Where poppies blow.
 So all Thy saints—and all Thy sinners too—
 Wilt Thou not keep?
 Since not alone unto Thy well-beloved
 Thou givest sleep.

59 AN EVENING PRAYER

If I have wounded any soul today;
 If I have caused one foot to go astray;
 If I have walked in my own wilful way;
 Good Lord, forgive.

If I have uttered idle words or vain;
 If I have turned aside from want or pain,
 Lest I myself should suffer through the strain,
 Good Lord, forgive.

If I have craved for joys that are not mine;
 If I have let my wayward heart repine,
 Dwelling on things of earth, not things
 divine—
 Good Lord, forgive.

If I have been perverse or hard or cold;
 If I have longed for shelter in Thy fold,
 When Thou hast given me some part to hold,
 Good Lord, forgive.

Forgive the sins I have confessed to Thee;
 Forgive the secret sins I do not see;
 That which I knew not, Father, teach Thou
 me,
 Help me to live.
 C. Maud Battersby.

60 PRAYER'S ANSWER

"I prayed for strength, and then I lost awhile
 All sense of nearness, human and divine;
 The love I leaned on failed and pierced my
 heart;
 The hands I clung to loosed themselves from
 mine.

"I prayed for light; the sun went down in
 clouds,
 The moon was darkened by a misty doubt,
 The stars of heaven were dimmed by earthly
 fears,
 And all my little candle flames burned out;
 But while I sat in shadow, wrapped in night,
 The face of Christ made all the darkness
 bright.

"I prayed for peace, and dreamed of restful

ease,
 A slumber drugged from pain, a hushed
 repose;
 Above my head the skies were black with
 storm,
 And fiercer grew the onslaught of my foes;
 But while the battle raged, and wild winds
 blew,
 I heard His voice, and perfect peace I knew.
 "I thank Thee, Lord, Thou wert too wise to
 heed
 My feeble prayers, and answer as I sought,
 Since these rich gifts Thy bounty has
 bestowed
 Have brought me more than I had asked or
 thought;
 Giver of good, so answer each request
 With Thine own giving, better than my
 best."

61 UNANSWERED PRAYERS

What a world
 Were this if all our prayers were answered.
 Not
 In famed Pandora's box were such vast ills
 As lie in human hearts. Should our desires,
 Voiced one by one in prayer, ascend to God
 And come back as events shaped to our
 wish,
 What chaos would result!

In my fierce youth
 I sighed out breath enough to move a fleet,
 Voicing wild prayers to heaven for fancied
 boons
 Which were denied; and that denial bends
 My knee to prayers of gratitude each day
 Of my maturer years. Yet from those prayers
 I rose always regirded for the strife
 And conscious of new strength. Pray on,
 sad heart,
 That which thou pleadest for may not be
 given,
 But in the lofty altitude where souls
 Who supplicate God's grace are lifted, there
 Thou shalt find help to bear thy daily lot
 Which is not elsewhere found.
 —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

62 GOD KNOWS BEST

Sometime when all life's lessons have been
 learned,
 The sun and stars forevermore have set,
 The things which our weak judgments here
 have spurned,
 The things o'er which we grieve with
 lashes wet—
 Will flash before us out of life's dark night
 As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue,
 And we shall see how all God's plans were
 right,
 And how what seemed reproof was love most
 true.

And we shall see how while we frown and
 sigh



BEHIND THE SCENES AT CFAC (The Herald)

Seated: Miss Monica Mugan (Station Hostess and Publicity Secretary for our broadcasts).

Standing: Mr. M. V. Chestnut, Engineer-in-charge; Mr. F. H. Elphicke (Frank Hemming), Programme Director of CFAC; Mr. Robt. Straker, Assistant Radio Engineer.

God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How when we called He heeded not our cry
Because His wisdom to the end could see.
And even as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God perhaps is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth
good.

And if, sometimes, co-mingled with life's
wine
We find the worm-wood and rebel and
shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this portion for our life to drink.

And if some friend is lying low
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh! do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace,
And you shall shortly know that lengthened
breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His
friend,
And that sometimes the sable pall of death
Conceals the finest boon His love can send.

If we could push ajar the gates of life
And stand within, and all God's workings
see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife
And for each mystery could find a key,—
But not today. Then be content, poor heart,
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white
unfold,
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the chalices of gold.

And if thro' patient toil we reach the land
Where tired feet with sandals loose may
rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we shall say, "God knew the
best."

63 SINCE I HAVE WALKED WITH PAIN

Since I have walked awhile with pain
I never can be cold,
I never can be harsh again
To hearts that would unfold
The hazards of their lives to me,
Their burden or their loss,
I share in each man's misery
Since I have known a cross.

Since I have walked with pain I find
That now I understand
The need of being always kind,
Of grasping every hand
Outstretched for alms of love and cheer
And truth and tenderness,
Till ways that once held only fear
I learn at last to bless!

For there I vowed, in paths where pain
And I together trod,
I never would be stern again
To any child of God.

64 GRIEF AND GOD

Woe! woe! to those who placidly suspire,
Drowned in security, remote from fire;
Who under the dim sky and whispering trees
By peaceful slopes and passing streams have
ease. . .

No sacred pang disturbs their secular life.
Eluding splendour and escaping strife;
They die not, for they lived not . . .

To those whom He doth love God hath not
sent

Such dread security, such sad content . . .
But He hath branded on such souls His name,
And He will know them by the scars of
flame . . .

So fear not grief, fear not the anguish, thou.
The paining heart, the clasped and prostrate
brow;

This is the emblem, and this is the sign
By which God singles thee for fields divine.
—Blake.

65 AN OLD MAN'S SONG

I ha' waited for Thy coming Lord
Wi' every Springtime green,
The garden 'fore our whitewashed cot
Though 'tis but small and mean
Was ever lit for Thee to pass
Wi' phlox and pansy, neat cut grass;
The door was ever on the latch,
No beggar whatso'er his need
Has called, but what my Ann and I
Did feed him even as we feed.
Aye, and though full many a sin
Ha' tricked me from Thy path,
I never feared to ask Thee in
Full knowing, Thee on earth before
Ne'er scorned a sorrowing sinner's door.
Lord, I be eight and sixty year,
My meetin with Thee's drawing near,
A'll take it kind when we shall meet
If Thou shalt say my flowers were sweet,
The tea well brewed, for then I'll know
Some beggar we ha' helped below
Was but Thee, Lord, in earth's disguise
Descended from Thy Paradise.

—H. P. Jackson.

66 GROWING OLD

Let me grow lovely, growing old,
So many fine things do—
Laces, and ivory and gold,
And silks need not be new.

And there is healing in old trees,
Old streets a glamour hold;
Why may not I, as well as these,
Grow lovely, growing old?

—Karl Wilson Baker.

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"THE BONDS OF LIFE" (Concluded)

Dr. Geo. Matheson, the writer of the hymn, "O Love That Will Not Let Me Go," became blind while a student at the University. Yet he became one of the great preachers of Scotland. Looking back on his life we see what seemed at first to be a series of closed doors. For first, he thought to specialize in science; but he couldn't do the reading necessary for it, and the books he published were very mediocre. Then he took up the attempt to reconcile science and theology; again to face failure. Later he gave himself to devotional studies and his books on these are the best of their kind. Looking back, he said, "An obstructed life—circumscribed—but a life of boundless sanguineness—of quenchless hopefulness, which has beaten persistently against the cage of circumstance and which even at the time of abandoned work has said, not "good night" but "good morning."

There you see the indomitable spirit of one whom God inspired to see, not what life has bound him "from," but always he's facing the dawn of a new day—what God has bound him "to." Never "Good Night," but always "Good Morning!"

"HOW MUCH DO YOU OWN?"

(Concluded)

"How can you live in Goshen?"
Said a friend from far,
"This wretched country town
Where folk talk little things all year
And plant their cabbages by the moon."

Said I:
"I do not live in Goshen,
I eat there, sleep there, work there.
I live in Greece, where Plato taught,
And Pheidias carved, and Epictetus wrote;
I dwell in Rome, where Michael Angelo
wrought
In colour form and mass;
Where Cicero penned immortal lines,
And Dante sang undying songs.
Think not my life is small
Because you see a puny place.
I have my books, I have my dreams.
A thousand souls have left for me
Enchantment that transcends
Both time and place,
And so I live in Paradise,
Not here.

—Edgar Frank.

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